

THE

11609 p. 22

B E A U T I E S

O F

ENGLISH POESY.

SELECTED BY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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V O L. II.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for WILLIAM GRIFFIN, in Catharine  
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MDCCLXVII.

THE  
BEAUTIES

OF  
Robert Travers, A.B.

Trin. Coll. Dublin

RECEIVED BY  
OLIVER GOLDSMITH



1702

C O N T E N T S

V O L U M E II.

A Night-Piece, on Death  
A Fairy Tale  
Palemon and Lavinia  
The Bastard  
The Poet and his Patron  
The Wolf, Sheep, and Lamb  
The Female Seducers  
An Epistle to a Lady  
Hans Carvel  
The Ladle  
Baucis and Philemon  
To the Earl of Warwick on the Death of Mr.  
Addison

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THE  
B E A U T I E S  
O F  
E N G L I S H P O E S Y.

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A  
N I G H T - P I E C E,  
O N D E A T H.

The great fault of this piece, written by Dr. Parnell, is, that it is in eight syllable lines, very improper for the solemnity of the subject; otherwise, the poem is natural, and the reflections just.

**B**Y the blue taper's trembling light  
No more I waste the wakeful night,  
Intent with endless view to pore  
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:  
Their books from wisdom widely stray,  
Or point, at best, the longest way.

2 THE BEAUTIES OF

I'll seek a readier path, and go  
Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dies the sky!  
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lye,  
While thro' their ranks, in silver pride,  
The nether crescent seems to glide.  
The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,  
The lake is smooth, and clear beneath,  
Where once again the spangled show  
Descends to meet our eyes below.  
The grounds which on the right aspire,  
In dimness from the view retire:  
The left presents a place of graves,  
Whose wall the silent water laves.  
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight  
Among the livid gleams of night.  
There pass, with melancholy state,  
By all the solemn heaps of fate,  
And think, as, softly-sad, you tread  
Above the venerable dead,  
"Time was, like thee they life possess,  
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest."

Those graves, with bending osier bound,  
That, nameless, heave the crumbled ground,  
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,  
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,  
The chissel's slender help to fame,  
(Which ere our set of friends decay  
Their frequent steps may wear away:)

A middle

A middle race of mortals own,  
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,  
Whose dead in vaulted arches lye,  
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,  
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,  
These, all the poor remains of state,  
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;  
Who while on earth in fame they live,  
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze pale Cynthia fades,  
The bursting earth unveils the shades!  
All slow, and wan, and wrap'd with shrouds,  
They rise in visionary crouds,  
And all with sober accent cry,  
"Think, mortal, what it is to die."

Now, from yon black and fun'ral yew,  
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,  
Methinks, I hear a voice begin;  
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,  
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound  
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)  
It sends a peal of hollow groans,  
Thus speaking from among the bones.

"When men my scythe and darts supply,  
How great a King of Fears am I!  
They view me like the last of things;  
They make, and then they dread my stings.  
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,  
No more my spectre-form appears.

#### 4 THE BEAUTIES OF

Death's but a path that must be trod,  
If man wou'd ever pass to God :  
A port of calms, a state of ease  
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why, then, thy flowing sable stoles,  
Deep pending cypress, mourning poles,  
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,  
Long palls, drawn herfes, cover'd steeds,  
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,  
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead ?

Nor can the parted body know,  
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe :  
As men who long in prison dwell,  
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,  
When-e'er their suff'ring years are run,  
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun :  
Such joy, tho' far transcending sense,  
Have pious souls at parting hence.  
On earth, and in the body plac'd,  
A few, and evil years, they waste :  
But, when their chains are cast aside,  
See the glad scene unfolding wide,  
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,  
And mingle with the blaze of day.

A FAIRY

A  
FAIRY TALE.

BY DR. PARNELL.

Never was the old manner of speaking more happily applied, or a tale better told, than this.

**I**N Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,  
When midnight Fairies daunc'd the maze,  
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;

Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,  
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,  
Tho' badly shap'd he been.

His mountain back mote well be said,  
To measure height against his head,  
And lift itself above;

Yet, spite of all that Nature did  
To make his uncouth form forbid,  
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,  
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,  
Cou'd ladies look within;

But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,  
And, if a shape cou'd win a heart,  
He had a shape to win.

## 6 THE BEAUTIES OF

Edwin, if right I read my song,  
 With slighted passion pac'd along  
     All in the moony light;  
 'Twas near an old enchanted court,  
 Where sportive fairies made resort,  
     To revel out the night.  
 His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,  
 'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost  
     That reach'd the neighbour-town;  
 With weary steps he quits the shades,  
 Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,  
     And drops his limbs adown.  
 But scant he lays him on the floor,  
 When hollow winds remove the door,  
     A trembling rocks the ground:  
 And, well I ween to count aright,  
 At once an hundred tapers light  
     On all the walls around.  
 Now sounding tongues assail his ear,  
 Now sounding feet approachen near,  
     And now the sounds increase:  
 And, from the corner where he lay,  
 He sees a train profusely gay  
     Come pranking o'er the place.  
 But (trust me gentles!) never yet  
 Was dight a masquing half so neat,  
     Or half so rich, before;  
 The country lent the sweet perfumes,  
 The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,  
     The town its filken store.

Now

Now, whilst he gaz'd, a gallant, drest  
In flaunting robes above the rest

With awful accent cry'd,  
What mortal, of a wretched mind,  
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,

Has here presum'd to hide?  
At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul  
No fears of magic art controul,

Advanc'd in open fight;  
"Nor have I cause of dread, he said,  
Who view, by no presumption led,  
Your revels of the night.

'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,  
Which made my steps unweeting rove  
Amid the nightly dew."

'Tis well, the gallant cries again,  
We fairies never injure men  
Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy love-dejected heart;  
Be mine the task, or ere we part,  
To make thee grief resign;

Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;  
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,  
Be little Mable thine.

He spoke, and, all a sudden, there  
Light music floats in wanton air;

The Monarch leads the Queen:  
The rest their fairie partners found:  
And Mable trimly tript the ground,  
With Edwin of the green.

### 3 THE BEAUTIES OF

The dauncing past, the board was laid,  
 And fiker such a feast was made  
     As heart and lip desire,  
 Withouten hands the dishes fly,  
 The glasses with a wish come nigh,  
     And with a wish retire.  
 But now, to please the fairie king,  
 Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,  
     And antic feats devise;  
 Some wind and tumble like an ape,  
 And other-some transmute their shape  
     In Edwin's wond'ring eyes.  
 Till one, at last, that Robin hight,  
 Renown'd for pinching maids by night,  
     Has hent him up aloof;  
 And full against the beam he flung,  
 Where, by the back, the youth he hung,  
     To sprawl unneath the roof,  
 From thence, "Reverse my charm, he crys,  
 And let it fairly now suffice  
     The gambol has been shown."  
 But Oberon answers with a smile,  
 Content thee, Edwin, for a while,  
     The vantage is thine own.  
 Here ended all the phantom play;  
 They smelt the fresh approach of day,  
     And heard a cock to crow;  
 The whirling wind that bore the crowd,  
 Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,  
     To warn them all to go.

Then,

Then, screaming all at once, they fly,  
And, all at once, the tapers dye ;

Poor Edwin falls to floor ;  
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,  
Was never wight in such a case

Thro' all the land before.

But, soon as dan Apollo rose,  
Full jolly creature home he goes,

He feels his back the less ;

His honest tongue and steady mind  
Had rid him of the lump behind,

Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,  
He seems a dauncing as he walks ;

His story soon took wind ;

And beauteous Edith sees the youth  
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,

Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,  
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,

To see the revel scene :

At close of eve he leaves his home,  
And wends to find the ruin'd dome

All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,  
The wind came rustling down a dell,

A shaking seiz'd the wall :

Up sprung the tapers as before,  
The fairies bragly foot the floor,

And music fills the hall.

10 THE BEAUTIES OF

But, certes, sorely sunk with woe  
 Sir Topaz sees the Elphin show,  
     His spirits in him dy:  
 When Oberon crys, "A man is near;  
 A mortal passion, cleeped fear,  
     Hangs flagging in the sky."  
 With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth!  
 In accents falt'ring, ay for ruth,  
     Intreats them pity graunt,  
 For als he been a mister wight  
 Betray'd by wand'ring in the night  
     To tread the circled haunt;  
 "Ah Losell vile, at once they roar;  
 And little skill'd of fairie lore,  
     Thy cause to come we know:  
 Now has thy kestrell courage fell;  
 And fairies, since a lye you tell,  
     Are free to work thee woe."  
 Then Will, who bears the wispy fire  
 To trail the swains among the mire,  
     The captive upward flung:  
 There, like a tortoise in a shop,  
 He dangled from the chamber-top,  
     Where, whilom, Edwin hung.  
 The revel now proceeds apace,  
 Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,  
     They fit, they drink, and eat;  
 The time with frolic mirth beguile,  
 And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while,  
     Till all the rout retreat.

By

By this the stars began to wink,  
 They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,  
 And down ydrops the knight :  
 For never spell by fairie laid  
 With strong enchantment, bound a glade,  
 Beyond the length of night.  
 Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,  
 Till up the welkin rose the day,  
 Then deem'd the dole was o'er:  
 But wot ye well his harder lot;  
 His feely back the bunch had got  
 Which Edwin lost afore.  
 This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;  
 She softly stroak'd my youngling head;  
 And, when the tale was done,  
 " Thus some are born, my son, she cries,  
 With base impediments, to rise,  
 And some are born with none.  
 But virtue can itself advance  
 To what the fav'rite fools of chance  
 By Fortune seem'd design'd;  
 Virtue can gain the odds of fate,  
 And from itself shake off the weight  
 Upon th' unworthy mind."



## P A L E M O N

A N D

## L A V I N I A.

Mr. Thomson, though, in general, a verbose and affected poet, has told this story with unusual simplicity: it is rather given here for being much esteemed by the public, than by the editor.

**T**HE lovely young Lavinia once had friends;  
 And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.  
 For, in her helpless years, depriv'd of all,  
 Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,  
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,  
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd  
 Among the windings of a woody vale;  
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,  
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.  
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn  
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet  
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride:  
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;  
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,  
 Content, and careless of tomorrow's fare.  
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,  
 When

## 14 THE BEAUTIES OF

When the dew wets its leaves : unstain'd, and pure,  
As is the lilly, or the mountain snow.

The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,  
Still on the ground dejected, darting all  
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :  
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,  
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,  
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star  
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace  
Sat, fair-proportion'd, on her polish'd limbs,  
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness  
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.  
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,  
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.  
As, in the hollow breast of Appenine,  
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,  
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,  
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;  
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,  
The sweet Lavinia ; till, at length, compell'd  
By strong Necessity's supreme command,  
With smiling patience in her looks, she went  
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains  
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich ;  
Who led the rural life in all its joy  
And elegance, such as Arcadian song  
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;  
When tyrant custom had not shackled Man,

But

But free to follow Nature was the mode.  
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes  
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train  
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye ;  
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick  
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze :  
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
 The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.  
 That very moment love and chaste desire  
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;  
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,  
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,  
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field :  
 And thus, in secret, to his soul he sigh'd.

“ What pity ! that so delicate a form,  
 By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense  
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,  
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace  
 Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,  
 Of old Acasto's line ; and to my mind  
 Recalls that patron of my happy life,  
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;  
 Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,  
 And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.  
 'Tis said, that, in some lone, obscure retreat,  
 Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,  
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,  
 His aged widow and his daughter live,  
 Whom, yet, my fruitless search could never find.  
 Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !”

When,

## 16] THE BEAUTIES OF

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found  
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
 Of bountiful Acasto : who can speak  
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,  
 And thro' his nerves in shiv'ring transport ran ?  
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold ;  
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,  
 Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.  
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,  
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,  
 As thus Palemon, passionate, and just,  
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

“ And art thou, then, Acasto's dear remains ?  
 She, whom my restless gratitude has sought  
 So long in vain ? O heavens ! the very same,  
 The softened image of my noble friend  
 Alive, his every look, his every feature,  
 More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring !  
 Thou sole surviving blossom from the root  
 That nourish'd up my fortune ! Say, ah where,  
 In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn  
 The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven ?  
 Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ;  
 Tho' Poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,  
 Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years ?  
 O let me, now, into a richer soil  
 Transplant thee safe ; where vernal suns, and showers,  
 Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ;  
 And of my garden be the pride, and joy !  
 Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits

Acasto's

Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,  
 Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,  
 The father of a country, thus to pick  
 The very refuse of those harvest-fields,  
 Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.  
 Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,  
 But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;  
 The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;  
 If to the various blessings which thy house  
 Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,  
 That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"

Here ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye  
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,  
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,  
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.  
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm  
 Of goodness irresistible, and all  
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.  
 The news immediate to her mother brought,  
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away  
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;  
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,  
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam  
 Of setting life shone on her evening-hours:  
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;  
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd  
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,  
 And good, the grace of all the country round.



T H E  
B A S T A R D.

Almost all things written from the heart, as this certainly was, have some merit. The poet here describes sorrows and misfortunes which were by no means imaginary; and, thus, there runs a truth of thinking through this poem, without which it would be of little value, as Savage is, in other respects, but an indifferent poet.

**I**N gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,  
The muse, exulting, thus her lay began:

Blest be the Bastard's birth! thro' wond'rous ways  
He shines, eccentric, like a comet's blaze;  
No sickly fruit of faint compliance he!  
He! stamp'd in Nature's mint of Extacy!  
He lives to build, not boast a generous race:  
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.  
His daring hope no fire's example bounds:  
His first-born lights no prejudice confounds.  
He, kindling from within, requires no flame:  
He glories in a bastard's glowing name.

Born to himself, by no possession led,  
In Freedom foster'd, and by Fortune fed;  
Nor guides, nor rules, his sov'reign choice controul,  
His body independent, as his soul.

Loos'd

20 THE BEAUTIES OF

Loos'd to the world's wide range,—enjoin'd no aim;  
 Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name:  
 Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,  
 His heart unbiass'd, and his mind his own.

O Mother, yet no Mother—'tis to you,  
 My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.  
 You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow laws,  
 Warm championess for Freedom's sacred cause,  
 From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,  
 From ties maternal, moral, and divine,  
 Discharg'd my grasping soul; push'd me from shore,  
 And launch'd me into life without an oar.

What had I lost, if, conjugally kind,  
 By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,  
 Untaught the matrimonial bounds to flight,  
 And coldly conscious of a husband's right,  
 You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,  
 A lawful lump of life, by force your own!  
 Then, while your backward will retrench'd desire,  
 And unconcurring spirits lent no fire,  
 I had been born your dull, domestic heir;  
 Load of your life, and motive of your care;  
 Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great;  
 The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state;  
 Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,  
 And slumbering in a seat, by chance my own.

Far nobler blessings wait the bastard's lot;  
 Conceived in rapture, and with fire begot!  
 Strong as necessity, he starts away,  
 Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day.

Thus

Thus unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,  
 I sung: gay flutt'ring Hope my fancy fir'd;  
 Inly secure, thro' conscious scorn of ill,  
 Nor taught by wisdom how to ballance will,  
 Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun;  
 But thought to purpose, and to act, were one;  
 Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way,  
 Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;  
 But now, expos'd, and shrinking from distress,  
 I fly to shelter, while the tempests press;  
 My muse to grief resigns the varying tone,  
 The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.  
 O Memory! thou soul of joy and pain!  
 Thou actor of our passions o'er again!  
 Why dost thou aggravate the wretches woe?  
 Why add continuous smart to ev'ry blow?  
 Few are my joys; alas! how soon forgot!  
 On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not,  
 While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall;  
 Yet thou repeat'st, and multiply'st 'em all!

Is chance a guilt, that my disastrous heart,  
 For mischief never meant, must ever smart?  
 Can self-defence be sin?—Ah, plead no more!  
 What tho' no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er?  
 Had Heav'n befriended thy unhappy side,  
 Thou had'st not been provok'd—or Thou had'st dy'd,

Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all,  
 On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!  
 Still the pale Dead revives, and lives to me,  
 To me! thro' Pity's eye condemn'd to see.

Remembrance

Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;  
 Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.  
 Young, and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,  
 What ripening virtues might have made their way!  
 He might have liv'd, till Folly died in Shame,  
 Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.  
 He might, perhaps, his country's friend have prov'd;  
 Both happy, gen'rous, candid, and belov'd.  
 He might have sav'd some worth, now doom'd to fall;  
 And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.

O fate of late repentance! always vain:  
 Thy remedies but lull undying pain.  
 Where shall my hope find rest?—No mother's care  
 Shielded my infant innocence with prayer:  
 No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,  
 Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.  
 Is it not thine to snatch some pow'rful arm,  
 First to advance, then screen from future harm?  
 I am return'd from death, to live in pain!  
 Or wou'd Imperial Pity save in vain?  
 Distrust it not—What blame can Mercy find,  
 Which gives, at once, a life, and rears a mind?

Mother, miscall'd, farewell—of foul severe,  
 This sad reflection yet may force one tear:  
 All I was wretched by to you I ow'd,  
 Alone from strangers ev'ry comfort flow'd!

Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,  
 And now adopted, who was doom'd before;  
 New-born, I may a nobler mother claim,  
 But dare not whisper her immortal name;

Supremely

Supremely lovely, and serenely great!  
Majestic mother of a kneeling state!  
Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er, before,  
Agreed——Yet now, with one consent, adore!  
One contest yet remains in this desire,  
Who most shall give applause, where all admire.

THE

Sapienter hunc, et non solum  
 Mille hunc, et non solum  
 Orem of a people's heart, who never believe  
 A god—Yet now, with one emotion, when  
 One word, yet remember his debt  
 Who now, with one emotion, when

## T H E

## POET AND HIS PATRON.

Mr. More was a poet that never had justice done him while living; there are few of the moderns have a more correct taste, or a more pleasing manner of expressing their thoughts. It was upon these fables he chiefly founded his reputation; yet they are, by no means, his best production.

**W**HY, Celia, is your spreading waist  
 So loose, so negligently lac'd?  
 Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide  
 Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?  
 How ill that dress adorns your head,  
 Distain'd, and rumpled, from the bed!  
 Those clouds, that shade your blooming face,  
 A little water might displace,  
 As Nature, ev'ry morn, bestows  
 The crystal dew, to cleanse the rose:  
 Those tresses, as the raven black,  
 That wav'd in ringlets down your back,  
 Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,  
 Destroy the face which once they deckt.

Whence this forgetfulness of dress?  
 Pray, madam, are you marry'd? Yes.

Vol. II.

C

Nay,

Nay, then, indeed, the wonder ceases;  
 No matter, then, how loose your dress is;  
 The end is won, your fortune's made;  
 Your sister, now, may take the trade.

Alas! what pity 'tis, to find  
 This fault in half the female kind!  
 From hence proceed aversion, strife,  
 And all that fours the wedded life.  
 Beauty can only point the dart;  
 'Tis neatness guides it to the heart:  
 Let neatness, then, and beauty, strive  
 To keep a wav'ring flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)  
 To keep the conquest, than subdue;  
 Admit us once behind the screen,  
 What is there farther to be seen?  
 A newer face may raise the flame;  
 But ev'ry woman is the same.

Then study, chiefly, to improve  
 The charm that fix'd your husband's love;  
 Weigh well his humour. Was it dress  
 That gave your beauty power to bless?  
 Pursue it still; be neater seen;  
 'Tis always frugal to be clean;  
 So shall you keep alive desire,  
 And Time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

In garret high (as stories say)  
 A Poet sung his tuneful lay;  
 So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear  
 Apollo and the muses there;

Thro'

Thro' all the town his praises rung,  
His sonnets at the playhouse sung;  
High waving o'er his lab'ring head,  
The goddesses Want her pinions spread,  
And with poetic fury fir'd,  
What Phœbus faintly had inspir'd.  
A noble youth, of taste and wit,  
Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,  
And fought him in his cobweb dome,  
Discharg'd his rent, and brought him home.  
Behold him at the stately board;  
Who, but the Poet, and my Lord!  
Each day, deliciously he dines,  
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines;  
His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,  
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;  
Astonish'd at the change so new,  
Away th' inspiring goddesses flew.

Now, dropt for politics, and news,  
Neglected lay the drooping muse;  
Unmindful whence his fortune came,  
He stifled the poetic flame;  
Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,  
Lampoon, nor epigram, was ready.

With just contempt his patron saw,  
(Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)  
And thence, with anger in his look,  
The late-repenting fool bespoke.  
Blind to the good that courts thee grown;  
Whence has the sun of favour shone?

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Delighted with thy tuneful art.  
Esteem was growing in my heart;  
But idly thou reject'st the charm  
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.  
Unthinking fools, alone despise  
The arts, that taught them first to rise.

THE

T H E

## WOLF, SHEEP, AND LAMB.

**D**UTY demands, the parent's voice  
Should sanctify the daughter's choice;  
In that, is due obedience shewn;  
To choose, belongs to her alone.

May horror seize his midnight hour,  
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,  
And claims, by purchase vile and base,  
The loathing maid for his embrace;  
Hence virtue sickens, and the breast,  
Where Peace had built her downy nest,  
Becomes the troubled seat of Care,  
And pines with anguish and despair.  
A Wolf, rapacious, rough, and bold,  
Whose nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,  
Contemplating his ill-spent life,  
And, cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.  
His purpose known, the savage race,  
In num'rous crouds, attend the place;  
For why, a mighty Wolf he was,  
And held dominion in his jaws.  
Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,  
And, humbly, his alliance sought;  
But cold by age, or else too nice,  
None found acceptance in his eyes.

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It happen'd, as, at early dawn,  
He solitary cross'd the lawn,  
Stray'd from the fold, a sportive lamb  
Skipp'd wanton, by her fleecy dam;  
When Cupid, foe to man and beast,  
Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.

The tim'rous breed the robber knew,  
And, trembling, o'er the meadow flew;  
Their nimblest speed the Wolf o'ertook,  
And, courteous, thus the dam bespoke.

Stay, fairest, and suspend your fear;  
Trust me, no enemy is near:  
These jaws, in slaughter oft imbru'd,  
At length, have known enough of blood;  
And kinder business brings me now,  
Vanquish'd, at beauty's foot to bow.  
You have a daughter—Sweet, forgive  
A Wolf's address—In her I live;  
Love from her eyes like lightning came,  
And set my marrow all on flame;  
Let your consent confirm my choice,  
And ratify our nuptial joys.

Me ample wealth and pow'r attend,  
Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;  
What midnight robber dare invade  
The fold, if I the guard am made?  
At home the shepherd's cur may sleep,  
While I secure his master's sheep.  
Discourse like this attention claim'd;  
Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd;

Now,

Now, fearless, by his side she walk'd,  
Of settlements and jointures talk'd;  
Propos'd, and doubled her demands,  
Of flow'ry fields, and turnip-lands.  
The wolf agrees. Her bosom swells;  
To miss her happy fate she tells;  
And, of the grand alliance vain,  
Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing lamb with horror hears,  
And wearies out her dam with pray'rs;  
But all in vain; mamma best knew  
What unexperienc'd girls should do;  
So, to the neighb'ring meadow carry'd,  
A formal ass the couple marry'd.

Torn from the tyrant mother's side,  
The trembler goes, a victim-bride,  
Reluctant meets the rude embrace,  
And bleats among the howling race.  
With horror oft her eyes behold  
Her murder'd kindred of the fold;  
Each day a sister lamb is serv'd,  
And at the glutton's table carv'd;  
The crashing bones he grinds for food,  
And flakes his thirst with streaming blood.

Love, who the cruel mind detests,  
And lodges but in gentle breasts,  
Was now no more. Enjoyment past,  
The savage hunger'd for the feast;  
But (as we find in human race,  
A mask conceals the villain's face)

Justice must authorize the treat ;  
Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.

As forth he walk'd, in quest of prey,  
The hunters met him on the way ;  
Fear wings his flight ; the marsh he sought ;  
The snuffing dogs are set at fault.  
His stomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws ;  
Howling, he grinds his empty jaws ;  
Food must be had——and lamb is nigh ;  
His maw invokes the fraudulent lye.  
Is this (dissembling rage) he cry'd,  
The gentle virtue of a bride ?  
That, leagu'd with man's destroying race,  
She sets her husband for the chace ?  
By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound  
To scent his footsteps on the ground ?  
Thou trait'ress vile ! for this thy blood  
Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood !  
So saying, on the lamb he flies ;  
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

T H E  
FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'TIS said of widow, maid, and wife,  
That Honour is a woman's life;  
Unhappy sex! who only claim  
A being, in the breath of fame;  
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales,  
That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,  
Nor all the healing sweets restore,  
That breathe along Arabia's shore.

The trav'ler, if he chance to stray,  
May turn, uncensur'd, to his way;  
Polluted streams again are pure,  
And deepest wounds admit a cure;  
But woman! no redemption knows;  
The wounds of honour never close.

Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide,  
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,  
If once her feeble bark recede,  
Or deviate from the course decreed,  
In vain she seeks the friendly shore;  
Her swifter folly flies before;  
The circling ports against her close,  
And shut the wand'rer from repose;  
Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,  
Her found'ring pinnacle sinks to rest.

Are there no offerings to atone  
 For but a single error?—None.  
 Tho' woman is avow'd, of old,  
 No daughter of celestial mold;  
 Her temp'ring not without alloy,  
 And form'd but of the finer clay,  
 We challenge, from the mortal dame,  
 The strength angelic natures claim;  
 Nay more; for sacred stories tell,  
 That ev'n immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming sphere  
 Of humid earth, and ambient air,  
 With varying elements endu'd,  
 Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know,  
 Wide oceans ebb, again to flow,  
 The moon repletes her waning face,  
 All-beauteous, from her late disgrace,  
 And suns, that mourn approaching night,  
 Refulgent rise with new-born light.

In vain may Death and Time subdue,  
 While Nature mints her race anew,  
 And holds some vital spark apart,  
 Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart;  
 'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen,  
 To cloathe a naked world in green.  
 No longer barr'd by winter's cold,  
 Again the gates of life unfold;  
 Again each insect tries his wing,  
 And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;

Again,

Again, from ev'ry latent root,  
The bladed stem and tendril shoot,  
Exhaling incense to the skies,  
Again to perish, and to rise.

And must weak woman, then, disown  
The change, to which a world is prone?  
In one meridian brightness shine,  
And ne'er, like evening suns, decline?  
Resolv'd and firm alone?—Is this  
What we demand of woman?—Yes.

But, should the spark of vestal fire,  
In some unguarded hour, expire,  
Or, should the nightly thief invade  
Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,  
Of all the blooming spoil possess'd,  
The dragon Honour charm'd to rest,  
Shall Virtue's flame no more return?  
No more with virgin splendor burn?  
No more the ravag'd garden blow  
With Spring's succeeding blossom?—No.  
Pity may mourn, but not restore;  
And woman falls, to rise no more.

Within this sublunary sphere,  
A country lies—No matter where;  
The clime may readily be found  
By all, who tread poetic ground.  
A stream, call'd Life, across it glides,  
And equally the land divides;  
And here, of Vice the province lies,  
And there, the hills of Virtue rise.

36 THE BEAUTIES OF

Upon a mountain's airy stand,  
Whose summit look'd to either land,  
An antient pair their dwelling chose,  
As well for prospect as repose;  
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,  
And Temp'rance, and Religion, nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine,  
Confess'd the honours of their line;  
But in a little daughter fair,  
Was center'd more than half their care;  
For Heav'n, to gratulate her birth,  
Gave signs of future joy to earth;  
White was the robe this infant wore,  
And Chastity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew,  
(A flow'r just op'ning to the view)  
Oft thro' her native lawns she stray'd,  
And, wrestling with the lambkins, play'd;  
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,  
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd,  
The morn her radiant blush assum'd,  
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd;  
And Nature, yearly, took delight,  
Like her, to dress the world in white.  
But, when her rising form was seen  
To reach the crisis of fifteen,  
Her parents up the mountain's head,  
With anxious step their darling led;  
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,  
And thus the fears of age express'd.

O joyful

O joyful cause of many a care!  
 O daughter, too divinely fair!  
 Yon world, on this important day,  
 Demands thee to a dang'rous way;  
 A painful journey all must go,  
 Whose doubtful period none can know,  
 Whose due direction who can find,  
 Where Reason's mute, and Sense is blind?  
 Ah, what unequal leaders these,  
 Thro' such a wide, perplexing maze!  
 Then mark the warnings of the wise,  
 And learn what love and years advise.

Far to the right thy prospect bend,  
 Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;  
 Lo, there, the arduous paths in view,  
 Which Virtue and her sons pursue;  
 With toil o'er lessening earth they rise,  
 And gain, and gain upon the skies.  
 Narrow's the way her children tread,  
 No walk for pleasure smoothly spread,  
 But rough, and difficult, and steep,  
 Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

Fruits immature those lands dispense,  
 A food indelicate to sense,  
 Of taste unpleasant; yet, from those,  
 Pure health, with chearful vigour, flows,  
 And strength, unfeeling of decay,  
 Throughout the long, laborious way.  
 Hence, as they scale that heav'nly road,  
 Each limb is lighten'd of its load;

From

## 38 THE BEAUTIES OF

From earth refining still they go,  
 And leave the mortal weight below;  
 Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,  
 And smooth the rugged path appears;  
 For custom turns fatigue to ease,  
 And, taught by virtue, pain can please:  
 At length, the toilsome journey o'er,  
 And near the bright, celestial shore,  
 A gulph, black, fearful, and profound,  
 Appears, of either world the bound,  
 Thro' darkness leading up to light;  
 Sense backward shrinks, and shuns the sight;  
 For there the transitory train,  
 Of time, and form, and care, and pain,  
 And matter's gross incumb'ring mass,  
 Man's late associates, cannot pass,  
 But, sinking, quit th' immortal charge,  
 And leave the wond'ring soul at large;  
 Lightly she wings her obvious way,  
 And mingles with eternal day.

Thither, O thither wing thy speed,  
 Though pleasure charm, or pain impede;  
 To such th' all-bounteous pow'r has giv'n,  
 For present earth, a future Heav'n;  
 For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain,  
 And endless bliss, for transient pain.

Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight  
 Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;  
 Wide on the left the path-way bends,  
 And with pernicious ease descends;

There,

There, sweet to sense, and fair to show,  
 New-planted Edens seem to blow,  
 Trees, that delicious poison bear;  
 For death is vegetable there.  
 Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,  
 Each sinew slack'ning at the taste;  
 The soul to passion yields her throne,  
 And sees with organs not her own;  
 While, like the slumb'rer in the night,  
 Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,  
 Before her alienated eyes  
 The scenes of fairy-land arise;  
 The puppet world's amusing show,  
 Dipt in gayly-colour'd bow;  
 Scepters, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,  
 The toys of infants, and of kings,  
 That tempt, along the baneful plain,  
 The idly wise, and lightly vain,  
 Till, verging on the gulphy shore,  
 Sudden they sink, and rise no more.  
 But, list to what thy fates declare;  
 Tho' thou art woman, frail as fair,  
 If once thy sliding foot should stray,  
 Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,  
 For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,  
 Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone;  
 Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,  
 On thy returning steps shall wait;  
 Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,  
 And ev'ry foot thy presence fly.

Thus,

Thus, arm'd with words of potent sound,  
 Like guardian-angels plac'd around,  
 A charm, by truth divinely cast,  
 Forward our young advent'rer pass'd.  
 Forth from her sacred eye-lids sent,  
 Like morn, fore-running radiance went,  
 While Honour, hand-maid late assign'd,  
 Upheld her lucid train behind.  
 Awe-struck, the much-admiring crowd  
 Before the virgin vision bow'd,  
 Gaz'd with an ever new delight,  
 And caught fresh virtue at the sight;  
 For not of earth's unequal frame  
 They deem'd the heav'n-compounded Dame,  
 If matter, sure the most refin'd,  
 High wrought, and temper'd into mind,  
 Some darling daughter of the day,  
 And body'd by her native ray.

Where-e'er she passes, thousands bend,  
 And thousands, where she moves, attend;  
 Her ways observant eyes confess,  
 Her steps pursuing praises blest;  
 While to the elevated maid  
 Oblations, as to Heav'n, are paid.

'Twas on an ever-blithsome day,  
 The jovial birth of rosy May,  
 When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,  
 New melts the frost in ev'ry breast,  
 The cheek with secret flushing dyes,  
 And looks kind things from chastest eyes;

The

The sun with healthier visage glows,  
 Aside his clouded kerchief throws,  
 And dances up th' etherial plain,  
 Where late he us'd to climb with pain,  
 While Nature, as from bonds set free,  
 Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.  
 And now, for momentary rest,  
 The nymph her travell'd step repress'd,  
 Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,  
 And glory'd in the height she gain'd.  
 Out-stretch'd before her wide survey,  
 The realms of sweet Perdition lay,  
 And Pity touch'd her soul with woe,  
 To see a world so lost below;  
 When strait the breeze began to breathe  
 Airs, gently wafted from beneath,  
 That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,  
 And reach'd her sympathy of sense;  
 No sounds of discord, that disclose  
 A people sunk, and lost in woes,  
 But, as of present good possess'd,  
 The very triumph of the bless'd,  
 The maid in wrapt attention hung,  
 While thus approaching Sirens sung.

Hither, fairest, hither haste,  
 Brightest beauty come and taste  
 What the pow'rs of bliss unfold,  
 Joys, too mighty to be told;  
 Taste what extasies they give,  
 Dying raptures taste, and live.

In

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In thy lap, disdaining measure,  
Nature empties all her treasure,  
Soft desires, that sweetly languish,  
Fierce delights, that rise to anguish;  
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?

Brightest beauty, come away.

Lift not, when the froward chide,  
Sons of pedantry, and pride,  
Snarlers, to whose feeble sense  
April sunshine is offence;  
Age and Envy will advise  
Ev'n against the joy they prize.

Come, in Pleasure's balmy bowl,  
Slake the thirstings of thy soul,  
Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting  
With enjoyment, past the painting;

Fairest, dost thou yet delay?

Brightest beauty, come away.

So sung the Sirens, as of yore,  
Upon the false Ausonian shore;  
And, O! for that preventing chain,  
That bound Ulysses on the main,  
That, so, our Fair-One might withstand,  
The covert ruin now at hand.

The song her charm'd attention drew,  
When now the tempters stood in view;  
Curiosity, with prying eyes,  
And hands of busy, bold emprise;  
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,  
And, like fore-running fancy, fleet.

By

By search untaught, by toil untir'd,  
To novelty she still aspir'd,  
Tasteless of ev'ry good possess'd,  
And but in expectation bless'd.

With her, associate, Pleasure came,  
Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame;  
Her mien all swimming in delight,  
Her beauties half reveal'd to fight;  
Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,  
And caught the kissing winds around.  
As, erst, Medusa's looks were known  
To turn beholders into stone,  
A dire reversion here they felt,  
And in the eye of Pleasure melt.  
Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,  
Unnerv'd the strong, the steel'd, disarm'd;  
No safety e'en the flying find,  
Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.

Thus was the much admiring maid,  
While distant, more than half betray'd.  
With smiles, and adulation bland,  
They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand;  
Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,  
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd;  
While, half consenting, half denying,  
Repugnant now, and now complying,  
Amidst a war of hopes, and fears,  
Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,  
Still down, and down, the winning pair  
Compell'd the struggling, yielding fair.

As

# 44 THE BEAUTIES OF

As when some stately vessel, bound  
To blest'd Arabia's distant ground,  
Borne from her courtes, haply lights  
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,  
Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land,  
Lurks the dire rock, and dang'rous sand;  
The pilot warns with sail and oar,  
To shun the much suspected shore,  
In vain; the tide, too subtly strong,  
Still bears the wrestling bark along,  
Till, found'ring, she resigns to fate,  
And sinks, o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.

So, baffling ev'ry bar to sin,  
And Heav'n's own pilot, plac'd within,  
Along the devious, smooth descent,  
With pow'rs increasing as they went,  
The dames, accusom'd to subdue,  
As with a rapid current drew,  
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd  
The lost, the long reluctant maid.

Here stop, ye fair ones, and beware,  
Nor send your fond affections there;  
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,  
May turn, to you and Heav'n restor'd;  
Till then, with weeping Honour wait,  
The servant of her better fate,  
With Honour, left upon the shore,  
Her friend and handmaid now no more;  
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid  
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd,

But

But o'er her failing cast the veil,  
Rememb'ring, you yourselves are frail.  
And now, from all-enquiring light,  
Fast fled the conscious shades of night;  
The damsel, from a short repose,  
Confounded at her plight, arose.

As when, with slumb'rous weight oppress'd,  
Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,  
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,  
And steal his hoard of joys away;  
He, borne where golden Indus streams,  
Of pearl, and quarry'd di'mond dreams,  
Like Midas, turns the glebe to oar,  
And stands all wrapt amidst his store,  
But wakens, naked, and despoil'd  
Of that, for which his years had toil'd.

So far'd the nymph, her treasure flown,  
And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone,  
Within, without, obscure, and void,  
She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd.  
And, O thou curs'd, insidious coast!  
Are these the blessings thou can'st boast?  
These, Virtue! these the joys they find,  
Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?  
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,  
Ye mountains, cover me, she cry'd!  
Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,  
And told the tidings to the sky;  
Contempt discharg'd a living dart,  
A side-long viper to her heart;

Reproach

Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,  
 And foil'd, and blasted ev'ry grace;  
 Officious Shame, her handmaid new,  
 Still turn'd the mirror to her view,  
 While those, in crimes the deepest dy'd,  
 Approach'd, to whiten at her side,  
 And every lewd, insulting dame,  
 Upon her folly rose to fame.  
 What should she do? Attempt, once more,  
 To gain the late-deserted shore;  
 So trusting, back the mourner flew,  
 As fast the train of fiends pursue.  
 Again the farther shore's attain'd,  
 Again the land of virtue gain'd;  
 But Echo gathers in the wind,  
 And shows her instant foes behind.  
 Amaz'd, with head-long speed she tends,  
 Where, late, she left an host of friends;  
 Alas! those shrinking friends decline,  
 Nor longer own that form divine,  
 With fear they mark the following cry,  
 And from the lonely trembler fly,  
 Or backward drive her on the coast,  
 Where peace was wreck'd, and honour lost.

From earth, thus, hoping aid in vain,  
 To Heav'n, not daring to complain,  
 No truce by hostile Clamour giv'n,  
 And from the face of Friendship driv'n,  
 The nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,  
 With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd

Enthron'd within a circling sky,  
 Upon a mount o'er mountains high,  
 All radiant fate, as in a shrine,  
 Virtue, first effluence divine;  
 Far, far above the scenes of woe,  
 That shut this cloud wrapt world below;  
 Superior goddess, essence bright,  
 Beauty of uncreated light,  
 Whom should mortality survey,  
 As doom'd upon a certain day,  
 The breath of Frailty must expire,  
 The world dissolve in living fire,  
 The gems of Heav'n, and solar flame,  
 Be quench'd by her eternal beam,  
 And Nature, quick'ning in her eye,  
 To rise a new-born Phoenix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,  
 A veil around her form she threw,  
 Which three sad sisters of the shade,  
 Pain, Care, and Melancholy made.

Thro' this, her all-enquiring eye,  
 Attentive from her station high,  
 Beheld, abandon'd to despair,  
 The ruins of her fav'rite fair;  
 And, with a voice whose awful sound  
 Appal'd the guilty world around,  
 Bid the tumultuous winds be still;  
 To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,  
 Uncurl'd the surging of the main,  
 And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain,

The

The golden harp of Heav'n she strung,  
And thus the tuneful goddess sung.

Lovely penitent, arise,  
Come, and claim thy kindred skies,  
Come, thy sister angels say  
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide  
'Twixt the good and evil, try'd,  
In the smooth, enchanted ground,  
Say, unfold the treasures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams,  
Sands, that trip the flitting streams,  
Down, that anchors on the air,  
Clouds, that paint their changes there.

Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,  
While the storm impends on high,  
Showing, in an obvious glass,  
Joys, that in possession pass;  
Transient, fickle, light, and gay,  
Flatt'ring, only to betray;  
What, alas, can life contain!  
Life! like all its circles—vain.

Will the stork, intending rest,  
On the billow build her nest?  
Will the bee demand his store  
From the bleak, and bladeless shore?

Man, alone, intent to stray,  
Ever turns from Wisdom's way,  
Lays up wealth in foreign land,  
Sows the sea, and plows the sand.

Soon

Soon this elemental mass,  
 Soon th' incumb'ring world shall pass,  
 Form be wrapt in wasting fire,  
 Time be spent, and life expire.

Then, ye boasted works of men,  
 Where is your assylum then?  
 Sons of Pleasure, sons of Care,  
 Tell me, mortals, tell me where?

Gone, like traces on the deep,  
 Like a scepter, grasp'd in sleep,  
 Dews, exhal'd from morning glades,  
 Melting snows, and gliding shades.

Pass the world, and what's behind?  
 Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;  
 From an universe deprav'd,  
 From the wreck of nature sav'd.

Like the life-supporting grain,  
 Fruit of patience, and of pain,  
 On the swain's autumnal day,  
 Winnow'd from the chaff away.

Little trembler, fear no more,  
 Thou hast plenteous crops in store,  
 Seed, by genial sorrows sown,  
 More than all thy scorers own.

What though hostile earth despise,  
 Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;  
 Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,  
 Chear thy hours, and guard thy side.

When the fatal trump shall sound,  
 When th' immortals pour around,

50 THE BEAUTIES OF

Heav'n shall thy return attest,  
Hail'd by myriads of the blest'd.

Little native of the skies,  
Lovely penitent, arise,  
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,  
Virtue is thy sister now.

More delightful are my woes,  
Than the rapture pleasure knows;  
Richer far the weeds I bring,  
Than the robes that grace a king.

On my wars, of shortest date,  
Crowns of endless triumphs wait;  
On my cares, a period blest'd;  
On my toils, eternal rest.

Come, with Virtue at thy side,  
Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,  
Till we gain our native shore,  
Sister, come, and turn no more.

AN

# AN EPISTLE TO A LADY.

This little poem, by Mr. Nugent, is very pleasing.  
The easiness of the poetry, and the justice of the  
thoughts, constitute its principal beauty.

**C**LARINDA, dearly lov'd, attend  
The counsels of a faithful friend ;  
Who, with the warmest wishes fraught,  
Feels all, at least, that friendship ought !  
But since, by ruling Heav'n's design,  
An other's fate shall influence thine ;  
O ! may these lines for him prepare  
A bliss, which I wou'd die to share !

Man may for wealth or glory roam,  
But woman must be blest at home ;  
To this should all her studies tend,  
This, her great object and her end.  
Distaste unmingl'd pleasures bring,  
And use can blunt Affliction's sting ;  
Hence perfect bliss no mortals know,  
And few are plung'd in utter woe ;  
While Nature, arm'd against Despair,  
Gives pow'r to mend, or strength to bear ;  
And half the thought content may gain,  
Which spleen employs to purchase pain.

Trace not the fair domestic plan,  
 From what you wou'd, but what you can !  
 Nor, peevish, spurn the scanty store,  
 Because you think you merit more !  
 Bliss ever differs in degree,  
 Thy share alone is meant for thee ;  
 And thou shou'dst think, however small,  
 That share enough, for 'tis thy all :  
 Vain scorn will aggravate distress,  
 And only make that little less.

Admit whatever trifles come,  
 Units compose the largest sum :  
 O ! tell them o'er, and say how vain  
 Are those who form Ambition's train ;  
 Which swell the monarch's gorgeous state,  
 And bribe to ill the guilty great !  
 But thou, more blest, more wise than these,  
 Shalt build up happiness on ease.  
 Hail sweet Content ! where joy serene,  
 Guilds the mild soul's unruff'd scene ;  
 And, with blith Fancy's pencil wrought,  
 Spreads the white web of flowing thought ;  
 Shines lovely in the chearful face,  
 And clothes each charm with native grace ;  
 Effusion pure of bliss sincere,  
 A vestment for a god to wear.

Far other ornaments compose  
 The garb that shrouds dissembl'd woes,  
 Piec'd out with motley dies and forts,  
 Freaks, whimsies, festivals, and sports :

The

The troubl'd mind's fantastic drefs,  
Which madnefs titles happinefs.  
While the gay wretch to revels bears  
The pale remains of fighs and tears;  
And feeks in crowds, like her undone,  
What only can be found in one.

But, chief, my gentle friend! remove  
Far from thy couch seducing Love!  
O! fhun the false magician's art,  
Nor trust thy yet unguarded heart!  
Charm'd by his spells fair Honour flies,  
And thoufand treacherous phantoms rife;  
Where Guilt, in Beauty's ray, beguiles,  
And Ruin lurks in Friendship's smiles.  
Lo! where th' enchanted captive dreams,  
Of warbling groves, and purling freams;  
Of painted meads, of flow'rs that fhed  
Their odours round her fragrant bed.  
Quick shifts the fcene, the charm is loft,  
She wakes upon a defert coaft;  
No friendly hand to lend its aid,  
No guardian bow'r to fpread its fhade;  
Expos'd to ev'ry chilling blaft,  
She treads th' inhospitable wafte;  
And down the drear decline of life,  
Sinks a forlorn, difhonour'd wife.  
Neglect not thou the voice of Fame,  
But, clear from crime, be free from blame!  
Tho' all were innocence within,  
'Tis guilt to wear the garb of fin,

# 54 THE BEAUTIES OF

Virtue rejects the foul disguise :  
 None merit praise who praise despise.  
 Slight not, in supercilious strain,  
 Long practis'd modes, as low or vain !  
 The world will vindicate their cause,  
 And claim blind faith in Custom's laws.  
 Safer, with multitudes, to stray,  
 Than tread, alone, a fairer way ;  
 To mingle with the erring throng,  
 Than boldly speak ten millions wrong.

Beware of the relentless train  
 Whom forms adore, whom forms maintain !  
 Lest prudes demure, or coxcombs loud,  
 Accuse thee to the partial crowd ;  
 Foes who the laws of honour slight,  
 A judge who measures guilt by spite.

Behold the sage Aurelia stand,  
 Disgrace and Fame at her command ;  
 As if Heav'n's delegate design'd,  
 Sole arbiter of all her kind.  
 Whether she try some favour'd piece,  
 By rules devis'd in antient Greece ;  
 Or whether, modern in her sight,  
 She tells what Paris thinks polite :  
 For, much her talents to advance,  
 She study'd Greece, and travell'd France.  
 There learn'd the happy art to please,  
 With all the charms of labour'd ease ;  
 Thro' looks and nods with meaning fraught,  
 To teach what she was never taught.

By

By her each latent spring is seen;  
 The workings foul of secret spleen;  
 The guilt that skulks in fair pretence,  
 Or folly, veil'd in specious sense.  
 And much her righteous spirit grieves,  
 When worthlessness the world deceives;  
 Whether the erring crowd commends,  
 Some patriot sway'd by private ends;  
 Or husband trust a faithless wife,  
 Secure, in ignorance, from strife.  
 Averse she brings their deeds to view,  
 But justice claims the rig'rous due;  
 Humanely anxious to produce,  
 At least, some possible excuse.

O ne'er may virtue's dire disgrace  
 Prepare a triumph for the base!

Meer forms the fool implicit sway,  
 Which witlings with contempt survey;  
 Blind folly no defect can see,  
 Half wisdom views but one degree.  
 The wise remoter uses reach,  
 Which judgment and experience teach.  
 Whoever wou'd be pleas'd and please,  
 Must do what others do with ease.  
 Great precept, undefin'd by rule,  
 And only learn'd in Custom's school;  
 To no peculiar form confin'd,  
 It spreads thro' all the human kind;  
 Beauty, and wit, and worth supplies,  
 Yet graceful in the good and wise.

## 56 THE BEAUTIES OF

Rich with this gift, and none beside,  
 In Fashion's stream how many glide ?  
 Secure from ev'ry mental woe,  
 From treach'rous friend or open foe ;  
 From social sympathy, that shares  
 The public loss or private cares ;  
 Whether the barb'rous foe invade,  
 Or merit pine in Fortune's shade.

Hence gentle Anna, ever gay,  
 The same to-morrow as to-day.  
 Save where, perchance, when others weep,  
 Her cheek the decent sorrow steep.  
 Save when, perhaps, a melting tale,  
 O'er ev'ry tender breast prevail.  
 The good, the bad, the great, the small,  
 She likes, she loves, she honours all.  
 And yet, if stand'rous malice blame,  
 Patient she yields a sister's fame.  
 Alike if satyr or if praise,  
 She says whate'er the circle says ;  
 Implicit does whate'er they do,  
 Without one point in wish or view.  
 Sure test of others, faithful glass,  
 Thro' which the various phantoms pass.  
 Wide blank, unfeeling when alone ;  
 No care, no joy, no thought her own.

Not thus succeeds the peerless dame,  
 Who looks, and talks, and acts for fame ;  
 Intent, so wide her cares extend,  
 To make the universe her friend.

Now

Now with the gay in frolics shines,  
 Now reasons deep with deep divines.  
 With courtiers now extols the great,  
 With patriots fights o'er Britain's fate:  
 Now breathes with zealots holy fires,  
 Now melts in less refin'd desires.  
 Doom'd to exceed in each degree,  
 Too wise, too weak, too proud, too free;  
 Too various for one single word,  
 The high sublime of deep absurd.  
 While ev'ry talent nature grants  
 Just serves to shew how much she wants.

Altho' in ——— combine,  
 The virtues of our sex and thine:  
 Her hand restrains the widow's tears;  
 Her sense informs, and sooths, and cheers:  
 Yet, like an angel in disguise,  
 She shines but to some favour'd eyes;  
 Nor is the distant herd allow'd  
 To view the radiance thro' the cloud.

But thine is ev'ry winning art;  
 Thine is the friendly, honest heart;  
 And shou'd the gen'rous spirit flow  
 Beyond where prudence fears to go;  
 Such sallies are of nobler kind,  
 Than virtues of a narrow mind.

## HANS CARVEL.

This bagatelle, for which, by the bye, Mr. Prior has got his greatest reputation, was a tale told in all the old Italian collections of jests, and borrowed from thence by Fontaine. It had been translated once or twice before into English, yet was never regarded till it fell into the hands of Mr. Prior. A strong instance how much every thing is improved in the hands of a man of genius.

**H**ANS CARVEL, impotent and old,

Married a lass of London mold:

Handsome enough; extremely gay;

Lov'd music, company, and play:

High flights she had, and wit at will;

And so her tongue lay seldom still:

For, in all visits, who but she,

To argue, or to repartee?

She made it plain, that human passion

Was order'd by predestination;

That if weak women went astray,

Their stars were more in fault than they:

Whole tragedies she had by heart:

Enter'd into Roxana's part:

To triumph in her rival's blood,

The action, certainly, was good.

How

How like a vine young Ammon curl'd!  
Oh that dear conqu'ror of the world!  
She pity'd Betterton in age,  
That ridicul'd the godlike rage.

She first of all the town, was told,  
Where newest India things were sold:  
So, in a morning, without bodice,  
Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. Thody's;  
To cheapen tea, to buy a screen:  
What else could so much virtue mean?  
For, to prevent the least reproach,  
Betty went with her in the coach.

But, when no very great affair  
Excited her peculiar care,  
She, without fail, was wak'd at ten;  
Drank chocolate, then slept again:  
At twelve she rose; with much ado  
Her cloaths were huddled on by two:  
Then, does my lady dine at home?  
Yes, sure;—but is the Col'nel come?  
Next, how to spend the afternoon,  
And not come home again too soon;  
The change, the city, or the play,  
As each was proper for the day;  
A turn, in summer, to Hyde Park,  
When it grew tolerably dark.

Wife's pleasure causes husband's pain:  
Strange fancies come in Hans's brain:  
He thought of what he did not name;  
And would reform; but durst not blame.

60 THE BEAUTIES OF

At first, he, therefore, preach'd his wife  
 The comforts of a pious life :  
 Told her, how transient beauty was ;  
 That all must die, and flesh was grass :  
 He bought her sermons, psalms, and graces ;  
 And doubled down the useful places.  
 But, still, the weight of worldly care  
 Allow'd her little time for pray'r ;  
 And Cleopatra was read o'er,  
 While Scot, and Wake, and twenty more,  
 That teach one to deny one's self,  
 Stood unmolested on the shelf.  
 An untouch'd bible grac'd her toilet :  
 No fear that thumb of her's should spoil it.  
 In short, the trade was still the same ;  
 The dame went out ; the Col'nel came.  
 What's to be done ? poor Carvel cry'd ;  
 Another batt'ry must be try'd :  
 What if to spells I had recourse ?  
 'Tis but to hinder something worse.  
 The end must justify the means ;  
 He only sins, who ill intends :  
 Since, therefore, 'tis to combat evil,  
 'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.  
 Forthwith, the Devil did appear  
 (For name him and he's always near)  
 Not in the shape in which he plies  
 At Miss's elbow when she lies ;  
 Or stands before the nurs'ry doors,  
 To take the naughty boy that roars :

But

But without fawcer eye or claw,  
Like a grave barrister at law.

Hans Carvel, lay aside your grief,  
The Devil says; I bring relief.  
Relief, says Hans: pray let me crave  
Your name, Sir,——Satan.——Sir, your slave:  
I did not look upon your feet:  
You'll pardon me:——Ay, now I see't:  
And pray, Sir, when came you from Hell?  
Our friends there, did you leave them well?  
All well: but pr'ythee, honest Hans,  
(Says Satan) leave your complaisance:  
The truth is this: I cannot stay  
Flaring in sun-shine all the day:  
For, *entre nous*, we hellish sprites,  
Love more the fresco of the nights;  
And oftner our receipts convey  
In dreams, than any other way.  
I tell you, therefore, as a friend,  
Ere morning dawns your fears shall end:  
Go, then, this evening, master Carvel,  
Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel;  
Let friends and wine dissolve your care,  
Whilst I the great receipt prepare:——  
To-night I'll bring it, by my faith;  
Believe, for once, what Satan saith.

Away went Hans, glad not a little;  
Obey'd the Devil to a tittle;  
Invited friends some half a dozen,  
The Col'nel, and my lady's cousin.

The

## 62 THE BEAUTIES OF

The meat was serv'd; the bowls were crown'd;  
 Catches were fung; and healths went round;  
 Barbadoes waters for the close;  
 Till Hans had fairly got his dose:  
 The Col'nel toasted to the best:  
 The dame mov'd off, to be undrest:  
 The chimes went twelve: the guests withdrew;  
 But when, or how, Hans hardly knew.  
 Some modern anecdotes aver,  
 He nodded in his elbow chair;  
 From thence was carried off to bed;  
 John held his heels, and Nan his head.  
 My lady was disturb'd: new sorrow!  
 Which Hans must answer for to-morrow.  
 In bed, then, view this happy pair;  
 And think how Hymen triumph'd there.  
 Hans, fast asleep as soon as laid;  
 The duty of the night unpaid:  
 The waking dame, with thoughts oppress'd,  
 That made her hate both him and rest:  
 By such a husband, such a wife!  
 'Twas Achme's and Septimius' life:  
 The lady figh'd; the lover snor'd:  
 The punctual Devil kept his word;  
 Appear'd to honest Hans again;  
 But not at all by madam seen;  
 And giving him a magic ring,  
 Fit for the finger of a king:  
 Dear Hans, said he, this jewel take,  
 And wear it long for Satan's sake;

'Twill

'Twill do your business to a hair :  
For, long as you this ring shall wear,  
As sure as I look over Lincoln,  
That ne'er shall happen which you think on.

Hans took the ring with joy extream,  
(All this was only in a dream)  
And, thrusting it beyond his joint,  
'Tis done, he cry'd ; I've gain'd my point. —  
What point, said she, you ugly beast ?  
You neither give me joy, nor rest.  
'Tis done. — What's done, you drunken bear ?  
You've thrust your finger G—d knows where.

THE  
L A D L E.

THE Sceptics think, 'twas long ago,  
 Since gods came down incognito;  
 To see who were their friends or foes,  
 And how our actions fell or rose:  
 That, since they gave things their beginnings,  
 And set this whirligig a spinning,  
 Supine, they in their heav'n remain,  
 Exempt from passion and from pain,  
 And frankly leave us human elves  
 To cut and shuffle for ourselves;  
 To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,  
 As matter and as motion jumble.

The poets, now, and painters, hold  
 This thesis both absurd and bold:  
 And your good-natur'd gods, they say,  
 Descend some twice or thrice a-day:  
 Else all these things we toil so hard in  
 Would not avail one single farthing;  
 For, when the hero we rehearse,  
 To grace his actions and our verse,  
 'Tis not by dint of human thought  
 That to his Latium he is brought;  
 Iris descends by Fate's commands,  
 To guide his steps thro' foreign lands,

And

And Amphitrite clears the way  
From rocks and quicksands in the sea.

And if you see him in a sketch,  
(Tho' drawn by Paulo or Carrache)  
He shows not half his force and strength,  
Strutting in armour, and at length:  
That he may take his proper figure,  
The piece must yet be four yards bigger:  
The nymphs conduct him to the field;  
One holds his sword, and one his shield;  
Mars, standing by, asserts his quarrel,  
And Fame flies after with a lawrel.

These points, I say, of speculation,  
(As 'twere to save or sink the nation)  
Men idly learned will dispute,  
Assert, object, confirm, refute;  
Each mighty angry, mighty right,  
With equal arms sustains the fight;  
'Till, now, no umpire can agree 'em,  
So both draw off, and sing *Te Deum*.  
Is it in equilibrio,  
If deities descend or no?  
Then let th' affirmative prevail,  
As requisite to form the tale;  
For by all parties 'tis confest,  
That those opinions are the best,  
Which, in their nature, most conduce  
To present ends, or private use.

Two gods came, therefore, from above,  
One Mercury, the t'other Jove.

The

66 THE BEAUTIES OF

The humour was, it seems, to know,  
If all the favours they bestow,  
Could from our own perverseness ease us,  
And if our wish enjoy'd would please us.  
Discourfing largely on this theme,  
O'er hills and dales their godships came;  
Till well nigh tir'd, at almost night,  
They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,  
That, in disguise, a god or goddess  
Exerts no supernat'ral powers,  
But acts on maxims much like ours.

They spy'd, at last, a country farm,  
Where all was snug, and clean, and warm;  
For woods before, and hills behind,  
Secur'd it both from rain and wind;  
Large oxen in the fields were lowing;  
Good grain was sow'd; good fruit was growing;  
Of last year's corn in barns great store;  
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door:  
And Wealth (in short) with Peace consented,  
That people, here, should live contented.  
But did they, in effect, do so?  
Have patience, friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest farmer, and his wife,  
Two years declin'd from prime of life,  
Had struggled with the marriage noose,  
As almost ev'ry couple does:  
Sometimes, my Plague! sometimes, my Darling!  
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling;

Jointly

Jointly submitting to endure  
That evil which admits no cure.  
Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd ;  
Our farmer met 'em in the yard ;  
Thought they were folks that lost their way,  
And ask'd them, civilly, to stay ;  
Told them, for supper, or for bed,  
They might go on, and be worse sped.—  
So said, so done ; the gods consent ;  
All three into the parlour went :  
They compliment ; they sit, they chat ;  
Fight o'er the wars ; reform the state :  
A thousand knotty points they clear,  
Till supper and my wife appear.

Jove made his leg, and kiss'd the dame ;  
Obsequious Hermes did the same.  
Jove kiss'd the farmer's wife, you say.  
He did—but in an honest way :  
Oh ! not with half that warmth and life,  
With which he kiss'd Amphitryon's wife.—

Well, then, things handsomely were serv'd ;  
My mistress for the strangers carv'd.  
How strong the beer, how good the meat,  
How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,  
In epic sumptuous wou'd appear,  
Yet shall be pass'd in silence here ;  
For I should grieve to have it said,  
That, by a fine description led,  
I made my episode too long,  
Or tir'd my friend to grace my song.

The

68 THE BEAUTIES OF

The grace cup serv'd, the cloth away,  
 Jove thought it time to shew his play :  
 Landlord, and landlady, he cry'd,  
 Folly and jesting laid aside,  
 That ye thus hospitably live,  
 And strangers with good cheer receive,  
 Is mighty grateful to your betters,  
 And makes e'en gods themselves your debtors.  
 To give the thesis plainer proof,  
 You have to-night beneath your roof  
 A pair of gods: (nay, never wonder)  
 This youth can fly, and I can thunder.  
 I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius,  
 My page, my son indeed, but spurious.  
 Form, then, three wishes, you and madam;  
 And, sure as you already had 'em,  
 The things desir'd, in half an hour,  
 Shall all be here, and in your pow'r.

Thank ye, great gods, the woman says;  
 O may your altars ever blaze!  
 A ladle for our silver dish  
 Is what I want, is what I wish.—  
 A ladle! cries the man, a ladle!  
 'Odzooks, Corfica, you have pray'd ill:  
 What should be great, you turn to farce:  
 I wish the ladle in your a——.

With equal grief and shame, my muse  
 The sequel of the tale pursues:  
 The ladle fell into the room,  
 And stuck in old Corfica's bum.

Our

Our couple weep two wishes past,  
And kindly join to form the last,  
To ease the woman's aukward pain,  
And get the ladle out again.

M O R A L.

THIS Commoner has worth and parts,  
Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts ;  
His head aches for a coronet :  
And who is blest'd that is not great ?

Some sense, and more estate, kind Heav'n  
To this well-lotted peer has given :  
What then ? he must have rule and sway ;  
And all is wrong, till he's in play.

The miser must make up his plum,  
And dares not touch the hoarded sum ;  
The sickly dotard wants a wife,  
To draw off his last dregs of life.

Against our peace we arm our will :  
Amidst our plenty, something, still,  
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,  
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.

The cruel something unpossess'd  
Corrodes, and leavens all the rest.

That something, if we could obtain,  
Would soon create a future pain :

And to the coffin, from the cradle,  
'Tis all a wish, and all a Ladle.



# BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

FROM SWIFT.

This poem is very fine ; and, though in the same strain with the preceding, is yet superior.

**I**N ancient times, as story tells,  
The saints would often leave their cells,  
And strol about, but hide their quality,  
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter night,  
As authors of the legend write,  
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,  
Taking their tour in masquerade,  
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went  
To a small village down in Kent ;  
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,  
They begg'd from door to door, in vain ;  
Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win,  
But not a soul would let 'em in.

Our wand'ring saints, in woful state,  
Treated at this ungodly rate,  
Having through all the village pass'd,  
To a small cottage came at last ;  
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,  
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon,  
Who kindly did these saints invite  
In his poor hut to pass the night ;

And

And then, the hospitable fire  
 Bid goody Baucis mend the fire ;  
 While he from out the chimney took  
 A fitch of bacon, off the hook,  
 And, freely, from the fattest side,  
 Cut out large slices, to be fry'd ;  
 Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em drink,  
 Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,  
 And saw it fairly twice go round ;  
 Yet (what is wonderful !) they found  
 'Twas still replenish'd to the top,  
 As if they had not touch'd a drop.  
 The good old couple were amaz'd,  
 And often on each other gaz'd ;  
 For both were frighten'd to the heart,  
 And just began to cry——what art !  
 Then softly turn'd aside, to view  
 Whether the lights were burning blue.  
 The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,  
 Told them their calling, and their errand ;  
 Good folks, you need not be afraid ;  
 We are but Saints, the hermits said ;  
 No hurt shall come to you or yours ;  
 But, for that pack of churlish boors,  
 Not fit to live on christian ground,  
 They and their houses shall be drown'd ;  
 Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,  
 And grow a church before your eyes.  
 They scarce had spoke, when, fair and soft,  
 The roof began to mount aloft ;

Aloft

Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter;  
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,  
Became a steeple, with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,  
And there stood fasten'd to a joist;  
But with the upside down, to show  
Its inclination for below;  
In vain, for a superior force,  
Apply'd at bottom, stops its course:  
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,  
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost  
Lost, by disuse, the art to roast,  
A sudden alteration feels,  
Increas'd by new intestine wheels;  
And, what exalts the wonder more,  
The number made the motion slower.  
The flyer, though't had leaden feet,  
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see't;  
But, slacken'd by some secret pow'r,  
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.  
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,  
Had never left each other's side;  
The chimney to a steeple grown,  
The jack would not be left alone,  
But up against the steeple rear'd,  
Became a clock, and still adher'd;  
And, still, its love to household cares,  
By a shrill voice, at noon declares,

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Warning the cookmaid not to burn  
That roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning-chair began to crawl,  
Like a huge snail, along the wall;  
There stuck aloft in public view,  
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.  
The porringers, that, in a row,  
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring shew,  
To a less noble substance chang'd,  
Werè, now, but leathern buckets rang'd.  
The ballads pasted on the wall,  
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,  
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,  
The Little Children in the Wood,  
Now seem'd to look abundant better,  
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter;  
And, high in order plac'd, describe  
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe.

A bedstead, of the antique mode,  
Compact, of timber many a load;  
Such as our ancestors did use,  
Was metamorphos'd into pews;  
Which still their ancient nature keep,  
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage, by such feats as these,  
Grown to a church by just degrees,  
The hermits then desir'd their host  
To ask for what he fancy'd most.  
Philemon, having paus'd awhile,  
Return'd 'em thanks in homely style:

Then

Then said, " My house is grown so fine,  
Methinks I still would call it mine :  
I'm old, and fain would live at ease ;  
Make me the Parson, if you please.

He spoke, and presently he feels  
His grazier's coat fall down his heels ;  
He sees, yet hardly can believe,  
About each arm a pudding sleeve ;  
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,  
And both assum'd a fable hue ;  
But, being old, continu'd just  
As threadbare, and as full of dust.  
His talk was now of tythes and dues :  
He smoak'd his pipe, and read the news ;  
Knew how to preach old sermons next,  
Vamp'd in the preface, and the text :  
At christ'nings well could act his part,  
And had the service all by heart ;  
Wish'd women might have children fast,  
And thought whose fow had farrow'd last.  
Against Dissenters would repine,  
And stood up firm for right divine ;  
Found his head fill'd with many a system ;  
But classic authors—he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a Parson,  
Dame Baucis, next, they play'd their farce on ;  
Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen,  
Good pinners, edg'd with Colberteen ;  
Her petticoat, transform'd a-pace,  
Became black sattin, flounc'd with lace.

76 THE BEAUTIES OF

Plain Goody would no longer down ;  
 'Twas Madam, in her grogram gown.  
 Philemon was in great surprize,  
 And hardly could believe his eyes,  
 Amaz'd to see her look so prim,  
 And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life  
 Were, several years, this man and wife ;  
 When, on a day which prov'd their last,  
 Discourfing o'er old ftoies paf,   
 They went, by chance, amidft their talk,  
 To the church-yard, to take a walk :  
 When Baucis haftily cry'd out,  
 " My dear, I fee your forehead fprout !"   
 " Sprout !" quoth the man, " what's this you tell us ?  
 I hope you don't believe me jealous :  
 But yet, methinks, I feel it true ;  
 And, really, your's is budding too——  
 Nay—now I cannot ftir my foot ;  
 It feels as if 'twere taking root."

Description would but tire my mufe ;  
 In fhort, they both were turn'd to Yews.

Old Goodman Dobfon of the Green  
 Remembers he the trees has feen :  
 He'll talk of them from noon till night,  
 And goes with folks to fhew the fight :  
 On Sundays, after ev'ning pray'r,  
 He gathers all the parifh there ;  
 Points out the place of either Yew ;  
 Here Baucis, there Philemon grew :

Till,

Till, once, a parson of our town,  
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down ;  
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd  
How much the other tree was griev'd,  
Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted ;  
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.



TO THE  
**EARL OF WARWICK,**  
 ON THE DEATH OF  
 MR. A D D I S O N.

This elegy (by Mr. Tickell) is one of the finest in our language: there is so little new that can be said upon the death of a friend, after the complaints of Ovid, and the Latin Italians, in this way, that one is surpris'd to see so much novelty in this to strike us, and so much interest to affect.

**I**F, dumb too long, the drooping muse hath stay'd,  
 And left her debt to Addison unpaid,  
 Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,  
 And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.  
 What mourner ever felt poetic fires!  
 Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:  
 Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,  
 Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night, that gave  
 My soul's best part for ever to the grave!  
 How silent did his old companions tread,  
 By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,  
 Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,  
 Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!

80 THE BEAUTIES OF

What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;  
 The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;  
 The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;  
 And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!  
 While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,  
 Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend;  
 Oh gone for ever, take this long adieu;  
 And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montagu.  
 To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,  
 A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;  
 Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,  
 And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.  
 If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,  
 May shame afflict this alienated heart;  
 Of thee forgetful if I form a song,  
 My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue.  
 My grief be doubled from thy image free,  
 And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy isles alone,  
 Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,  
 Along the walls, where speaking marbles show  
 What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:  
 Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;  
 In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;  
 Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;  
 Stern patriots, who for sacred Freedom stood;  
 Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;  
 And saints who taught, and led the way to Heav'n;  
 Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,  
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;

Nor

Nor e'er was to the bow'rs of bliss convey'd  
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,  
What new employments please th' unbody'd mind;  
A winged Virtue, through th' etherial sky,  
From world to world, unweari'd, does he fly?  
Or, curious, trace the long laborious maze  
Of Heaven's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?  
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell  
How Michael battel'd, and the Dragon fell;  
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow  
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?  
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,  
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?  
Oh! if, sometimes, thy spotless form descend;  
To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!  
When Rage misguides me, or when Fear alarms,  
When Pain distresses, or when Pleasure charms,  
In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,  
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;  
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,  
Till Bliss shall join, nor Death can part us more.

That awful form, which, so ye Heav'ns decree,  
Must still be lov'd, and still deplor'd by me;  
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,  
Or, rous'd by Fancy, meets my waking eyes.  
If business calls, or crowded courts invite;  
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;  
If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,  
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;

If, pensive, to the rural shades I rove,  
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;  
 'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,  
 Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song:  
 There, patient, show'd us the wise course to steer,  
 A candid censor, and a friend severe;  
 There taught us how to live and (oh! too high  
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,  
 Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,  
 Why, once so lov'd, when e'er thy bow'r appears,  
 O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!  
 How sweet were once thy prospects, fresh and fair,  
 Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!  
 How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,  
 Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy ev'ning breeze!  
 His image thy forsaken bow'rs restore;  
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;  
 No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,  
 Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.  
 From other ills, however Fortune frown'd,  
 Some refuge in the muse's art I found;  
 Reluctant, now, I touch the trembling string,  
 Bereft of him who taught me how to sing;  
 And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,  
 Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.  
 O! must I, then, (now fresh my bosom bleeds,  
 And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)  
 The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,  
 And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!

These

These works divine, which on his death-bed laid,  
To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage convey'd,  
Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,  
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.  
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,  
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.  
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell  
In future tongues: each other's boast, farewell,  
Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,  
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

COLIN AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

Through all Tickell's works there is a strain of ballad-thinking, if I may so express it; and, in this professed ballad, he seems to have surpassed himself. It is, perhaps, the best in our language in this way.

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,  
 Bright Lucy was the grace;  
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream  
 Reflect so sweet a face;  
 Till luckless love, and pining care,  
 Impair'd her rosy hue,  
 Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,  
 And eyes of glossy blue.  
 Oh! have you seen a lily pale,  
 When beating rains descend?  
 So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,  
 Her life now near its end.  
 By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains  
 Take heed, ye easy fair:  
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,  
 Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,  
 A bell was heard to ring;  
 And, shrieking at her window thrice,  
 The raven flapp'd his wing:  
 Too well the love-lorn maiden knew  
 The solemn boding sound:  
 And thus, in dying words, bespoke,  
 The virgins weeping round:  
 "I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
 Which says, I must not stay;  
 I see a hand you cannot see,  
 Which beckons me away.  
 By a false heart, and broken vows,  
 In early youth I die:  
 Was I to blame, because his bride  
 Was thrice as rich as I?  
 "Ah Colin! give not her thy vows,  
 Vows due to me alone:  
 Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,  
 Nor think him all thy own.  
 To-morrow, in the church to wed,  
 Impatient, both prepare!  
 But know, fond maid; and know, false man,  
 That Lucy will be there!  
 "Then bear my corse, my comrades bear,  
 This bridegroom blith to meet;  
 He in his wedding trim so gay,  
 I in my winding-sheet."

She

86 THE BEAUTIES OF

She spoke, she dy'd ; her corse was borne,  
 The bridegroom blith to meet,  
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
 She in her winding-sheet.  
 Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts ?  
 How were these nuptials kept ?  
 The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,  
 And all the village wept.  
 Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,  
 At once his bosom swell :  
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow ;  
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell.  
 From the vain bride, ah bride no more !  
 The varying crimson fled,  
 When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,  
 She saw her husband dead.  
 Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,  
 Convey'd by trembling swains,  
 One mould with her, beneath one sod,  
 For ever he remains.  
 Oft, at this grave, the constant hind,  
 And plighted maid, are seen ;  
 With garlands gay, and true-love knots,  
 They deck the sacred green ;  
 But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,  
 This hallow'd spot forbear ;  
 Remember Colin's dreadful fate,  
 And fear to meet him there.

THE

TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLVI.

This ode, by Dr. Smollet, does rather more honour to the author's feelings than his taste. The mechanical part, with regard to numbers and language, is not so perfect as so short a work as this requires; but the pathetic it contains, particularly in the last stanza but one, is exquisitely fine.

I.

**M**OURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!  
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,  
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;  
Thy hospitable roofs no more,  
Invite the stranger to the door;  
In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,  
The monuments of cruelty.

II.

The wretched owner sees, afar,  
His all become the prey of war;  
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,  
Then smites his breast, and curses life.

Thy

88 THE BEAUTIES OF

Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,  
Where once they fed their wanton flocks :  
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;  
Thy infants perish on the plain.

III.

What boots it, then, in ev'ry clime,  
Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,  
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,  
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze ?  
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,  
Thy neck is bended to the yoke :  
What foreign arms could never quell,  
By civil rage, and rancour fell.

IV.

The rural pipe, and merry lay  
No more shall cheer the happy day :  
No social scenes of gay delight  
Beguile the dreary winter night :  
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,  
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,  
While the pale phantoms of the slain  
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

V.

Oh baneful cause, oh, fatal morn,  
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !  
The sons, against their fathers flood ;  
The parent shed his children's blood.

Yet,

Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,  
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:  
The naked and forlorn must feel  
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

## VI.

The pious mother doom'd to death,  
Forfaken, wanders o'er the heath,  
The bleak wind whistles round her head,  
Her helpless orphans cry for bread,  
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,  
She views the shades of night descend,  
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,  
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

## VII.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,  
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns;  
Resentment of my country's fate  
Within my filial breast shall beat;  
And, spite of her insulting foe,  
My sympathizing verse shall flow,  
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn,  
"Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

INGLISH FOR KIDS

Let, with the eye of the artist, see  
The light of the sun, and the light of the moon  
The light of the stars, and the light of the sun  
The light of the stars, and the light of the sun

VII

The light of the sun, and the light of the moon  
The light of the stars, and the light of the sun  
The light of the stars, and the light of the sun  
The light of the stars, and the light of the sun

VIII

With the sun, and the moon, and the stars  
With the sun, and the moon, and the stars  
With the sun, and the moon, and the stars  
With the sun, and the moon, and the stars

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ON THE DEATH OF THE  
LORD PROTECTOR.

Our poetry was not quite harmonized in Waller's time ; so that this, which would be now looked upon as a slovenly sort of versification, was, with respect to the times in which it was written, almost a prodigy of harmony. A modern reader will chiefly be struck with the strength of thinking, and the turn of the compliments bestowed upon the usurper. Every body has heard the answer our poet made Charles II ; who asked him how his poem upon Cromwell came to be finer than his panegyric upon himself. " Your majesty," replies Waller, " knows, that poets always succeed best in fiction."

WE must resign ! Heav'n his great soul does claim  
In storms, as loud as his immortal fame :  
His dying groans, his last breath shakes our isle ;  
And trees uncut fall for his fun'ral pile :  
About his palace their broad roots are tost  
Into the air — So Romulus was lost !  
New Rome in such a tempest mis'd her king ;  
And, from obeying, fell to worshipping.  
On Cæta's top thus Hercules lay dead,  
With ruin'd oaks, and pines, about him spread.

The

92 THE BEAUTIES OF

The poplar, too, whose bough he wont to wear  
On his victorious head, lay prostrate there.  
Those his last fury from the mountain rent:  
Our dying hero from the continent.  
Ravish'd whole towns, and forts from Spaniards rest,  
As his last legacy to Britain left.  
The ocean, which so long our hopes confin'd,  
Could give no limits to his vaster mind;  
Our bounds' enlargement was his latest toil;  
Nor hath he left us pris'ners to our isle:  
Under the tropic is our language spoke:  
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.  
From civil broils he did us disengage;  
Found nobler objects for our martial rage:  
And, with wise conduct, to his country show'd  
The antient way of conq'ring abroad.  
Ungrateful, then! if we no tears allow  
To him, that gave us peace, and empire too.  
Princes that fear'd him, grieve; concern'd to see  
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.  
Nature herself took notice of his death,  
And, sighing, swell'd the sea with such a breath,  
That to remotest shores her billows roll'd,  
Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

THE

THE STORY OF  
PHOEBUS AND DAPHNE,  
A P P L I E D.

The French claim this as belonging to them. To whomsoever it belongs the thought is finely turned.

**T**HYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train,  
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain :  
Like Phœbus sung the no less amorous boy ;  
Like Daphne she ; as lovely, and as coy !  
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues ;  
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use !  
Such is the chase when love and fancy leads,  
O'er craggy mountains, and thro' flow'ry meads ;  
Invok'd to testify the lover's care,  
Or form some image of his cruel fair.  
Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,  
O'er these he fled, and now approaching near,  
Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious lay,  
Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.  
Yet, what he sung in his immortal strain,  
Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain :  
All, but the nymph that should redress his wrong,  
Attend his passion, and approve his song.  
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,  
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

NIGHT

ENGLISH TO CRY  
AND SING

THE STORY OF THE

THOMAS AND DAVID

A F L I E D

The Thomas said this a day before to him  
and the David said this a day before to him

THEY WERE a pair of the best of the best  
and the best of the best of the best

The Thomas said this a day before to him  
and the David said this a day before to him

THEY WERE a pair of the best of the best  
and the best of the best of the best

The Thomas said this a day before to him  
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and the David said this a day before to him

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## NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY DR. YOUNG.

These seem to be the best of the collection; from whence only the two first are taken. They are spoken of differently, either with exaggerated applause or contempt, as the reader's disposition is either turned to mirth or melancholy.

## NIGHT THE FIRST.

O N

## LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

**T**HIR'D Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!

He, like the world, his ready visit pays  
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:  
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,  
And lights on lids unfully'd with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,  
I wake: how happy they, who wake no more!  
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.  
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams  
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought,  
From wave to wave of fancy'd misery,  
At random drove, her helm of Reason lost:

Tho'

Tho' now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,  
 (A bitter change!) severer for severe,  
 The Day too short for my distress; and Night,  
 Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,  
 Is sunshine, to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,  
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.  
 Silence, how dead! and Darkness, how profound!  
 Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;  
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse  
 Of Life stood still, and Nature made a pause;  
 An awful pause! prophetic of her end.  
 And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd:  
 Fate! drop the curtain: I can lose no more.  
 Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins  
 From antient Night, who nurse the tender thought  
 To Reason, and on Reason build Resolve,  
 (That column of true majesty in man)  
 Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;  
 The grave, your kingdom: there this frame shall fall  
 A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.  
 But what are ye?—

Thou, who didst put to flight  
 Primæval Silence, when the morning stars,  
 Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball:  
 O thou, whose word from solid Darkness struck  
 That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;  
 My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,  
 As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Thro'

Thro' this opaque of Nature, and of Soul,  
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,  
To lighten, and to chear. O lead my mind,  
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)  
Lead it thro' various scenes of life and death;  
And, from each scene, the noblest truths inspire.  
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;  
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will  
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve  
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:  
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd  
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The bell strikes One. We take no note of time,  
But from its loss. To give it, then, a tongue,  
Is wise in man. As if an an angel spoke,  
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
It is the knell of my departed hours:  
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.  
It is the signal that demands dispatch:  
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears  
Start up alarm'd, and, o'er life's narrow verge  
Look down—On what? A fathomless abyss;  
A dread eternity! How surely mine!  
And can eternity belong to me,  
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?  
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
How complicate, how wonderful, is man?  
How passing wonder He, who made him such?  
Who centred in our make such strange extremes?  
From diff'rent natures, marvelously mixt,

## 98 THE BEAUTIES OF

Connexion exquisite, of distant worlds !  
 Distinguisht link in Being's endless chain !  
 Midway from Nothing to the Deity !  
 A beam ethereal, fully'd, and absorpt !  
 Tho' fully'd, and dishonour'd, still divine !  
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !  
 An heir of glory ! A frail child of dust !  
 Helpless immortal ! Insect infinite !  
 A worm ! a God !——I tremble at myself,  
 And in myself am lost ! At home, a stranger ;  
 Thought wanders up and down, surpriz'd, aghast,  
 And wond'ring at her own : how Reason reels !  
 O what a miracle to man is man,  
 Triumphantly distress'd ! what joy, what dread !  
 Alternately transported, and alarm'd !  
 What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?  
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;  
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture ; all things rise in proof :  
 While o'er my limbs Sleep's soft dominion spread,  
 What tho' my soul phantastic measures trod  
 O'er fairy fields ; or mourn'd along the gloom  
 Of pathless woods ; or down the craggy steep  
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool ;  
 Or scal'd the cliff ; or danc'd on hollow winds,  
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain ?  
 Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature,  
 Of subtler essence than the trodden clod ;  
 Active, ærial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,  
 Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.

Ev'n

Ev'n silent Night proclaims my soul immortal:  
 Ev'n silent Night proclaims eternal day.  
 For human weal, Heav'n husbands all events:  
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.  
 Why, then, their loss deplore, that are not lost?  
 Why wanders wretched Thought their tombs around,  
 In infidel distress? Are angels there;  
 Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?

They live! they greatly live a life on earth  
 Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye  
 Of tenderness, let heav'nly pity fall  
 On me, more justly number'd with the dead.  
 This is the desert, this the solitude:  
 How populous! how vital is the grave!  
 This is Creation's melancholy vault,  
 The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;  
 The land of apparitions, empty shades!  
 All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond  
 Is substance: the reverse is Folly's creed:  
 How solid all, where change shall be no more!  
 This is the bud of Being, the dim dawn,  
 The twilight of our day, the vestibule;  
 Life's theatre, as yet, is shut; and Death,  
 Strong Death, alone can heave the massy bar,  
 This gross impediment of clay remove,  
 And make us embryos of existence free.  
 From real life, but little more remote  
 Is he, not yet a candidate for light,  
 The future embryo, slumb'ring in his fire.  
 Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,

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Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,  
The life of gods, O transport ! and of man.

Yet man, fool man ! here buries all his thoughts ;  
Inters celestial hope without one sigh.  
Pris'ner of earth, and pent beneath the Moon,  
Here pinions all his wishes ; wing'd by Heav'n  
To fly at infinite ; and reach it there,  
Where seraphs gather immortality  
On Life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.  
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow,  
In His full beam, and ripen for the just,  
Where momentary ages are no more !  
Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death expire !  
And is it in the flight of threescore years  
To push Eternity from human thought,  
And smother souls immortal in the dust ?  
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,  
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,  
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,  
At ought this scene can threaten, or indulge,  
Resembles Ocean into tempest wrought,  
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.  
Where falls this censure ? It o'erwhelms myself ;  
How was my heart incrust'd by the world !  
O how self-fetter'd was my grov'ling soul !  
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round  
In filken thought, which reptile Fancy spun,  
Till darken'd Reason lay quite clouded o'er  
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,  
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies !

Night-

Night-visions may befriend (as sung above):  
 Our waking dreams are fatal. How I dreamt  
 Of things impossible? (Could Sleep do more?)  
 Of joys perpetual in perpetual change?  
 Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave?  
 Eternal sunshine in the storms of life?  
 How richly were my noon-tide trances hung  
 With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys?  
 Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!  
 Till, at Death's toll, whose restless iron tongue  
 Calls daily for his millions at a meal,  
 Starting I woke, and found myself undone.  
 Where, now, my phrensy's pompous furniture?  
 The cobwebb'd cottage, with its ragged wall  
 Of mould'ring mud, is royalty to me!  
 The spider's most attenuated thread  
 Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie  
 On earthly bliss; it breaks at ev'ry breeze.

O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!  
 Full, above measure! lasting, beyond bound!  
 A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.  
 Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,  
 That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,  
 And quite unparadise the realms of light?  
 Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres;  
 The baleful Influence of whose giddy dance  
 Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.  
 Here teems with revolutions ev'ry hour;  
 And rarely for the better; or the best,  
 More mortal than the common births of Fate.

Each moment has its sickle, emulous  
 Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep  
 Strikes empires from the root; each moment plays  
 His little weapon in the narrower sphere  
 Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down  
 The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss! sublunary bliss!—Proud words, and vain!  
 Implicit treason to divine decree!  
 A bold invasion of the rights of Heav'n!  
 I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.  
 O had I weigh'd it e'er my fond embrace!  
 What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!

Death! Great proprietor of all! 'tis thine  
 To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.  
 The sun himself by thy permission shines;  
 And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.  
 Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust  
 Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?  
 Why thy peculiar rancour wreak'd on me?  
 Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?  
 Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was slain;  
 And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn,  
 O Cynthia! why so pale? Dost thou lament  
 Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to see thy wheel  
 Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?  
 How wanes my borrow'd bliss! from Fortune's smile,  
 Precarious courtesy! Not Virtue's sure,  
 Self-given, solar, ray of sound delight.

In ev'ry vary'd posture, place, and hour,  
 How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy!

Thought

Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace!  
Thro' the dark postern of time long elaps'd,  
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,  
Led, like a murderer (and such it proves!)  
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleasing past;  
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays;  
And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts  
Of my departed joys; a num'rous train!  
I rue the riches of my former fate;  
Sweet Comfort's blasted clusters I lament;  
I tremble at the blessings once so dear;  
And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet why complain? or why complain for one?  
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,  
The single man? Are angels all beside?  
I mourn for millions: 'tis the common lot;  
In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd  
The mother's throes on all of woman born,  
Not more the children, than sure heirs of pain.

War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,  
Intestine broils, Oppression, with her heart  
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.  
God's image disinherited of day,  
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made.  
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,  
Are hammer'd to the galling ore for life;  
And plow the winter's wave, and reap despair.  
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,  
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,  
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour sav'd,

If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom:  
 Want, and incurable Disease (fell pair!)  
 On-hopeless multitudes remorseless seize  
 At once; and make a refuge of the grave.  
 How groaning hospitals eject their dead!  
 What numbers groan for sad admission there!  
 What numbers, once in Fortune's lap high-sed,  
 Solicit the cold hand of Charity!  
 To shock us more, solicit it in vain!  
 Ye silken sons of Pleasure! since in pains  
 You rue more modish visits, visit here,  
 And breathe from your debauch: give, and reduce  
 Surfeit's dominion o'er you: but so great  
 Your impudence, you blush at what is right.

Happy! did Sorrow seize on such alone.  
 Not Prudence can defend, or Virtue save;  
 Disease invades the chastest temperance;  
 And punishment the guiltless; and Alarm,  
 Thro' thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.  
 Man's caution often into danger turns,  
 And his guard falling, crushes him to death.  
 Not Happiness itself makes good her name;  
 Our very wishes give us not our wish.  
 How distant, oft, the thing we doat on most,  
 From that for which we doat, Felicity?  
 The smoothest course of Nature has its pains;  
 And truest friends, thro' error, wound our rest.  
 Without Misfortune, what calamities?  
 And what hostilities, without a foe?  
 Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.

But

But endless is the list of human ills,  
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

A part, how small, of the terraqueous globe,  
Is tenanted by man ! the rest a waste,  
Rocks, desarts, frozen seas, and burning sands !  
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.  
Such is Earth's melancholy map ! But far  
More sad ! this earth is a true map of man.  
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights  
To Woe's wide empire ; where deep Troubles toils,  
Loud Sorrows howl, invenom'd Passions bite,  
Rav'nous Calamities our vitals seize,  
And threat'ning Fate wide opens to devour.  
What then am I, who sorrow for myself ?  
In age, in infancy, from others aid  
Is all our hope ; to teach us to be kind.  
That, Nature's first, last lesson to mankind ;  
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels.  
More gen'rous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts ;  
And conscious Virtue mitigates the pang.  
Nor Virtue, more than Prudence, bids me give  
Swoln Thought a second channel ; who divide,  
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.  
Take, then, O World ! thy much-indebted tear :  
How sad a sight is human happiness,  
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour ?  
O thou, whate'er thou art, whose heart exults !  
Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate ?  
I know thou wouldst ; thy pride demands it from me.  
Let thy pride pardon what thy nature needs,

The salutary censure of a friend.  
 Thou happy wretch! by blindness thou art blest;  
 By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.  
 Know, smiler! at thy peril art thou pleas'd;  
 Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.  
 Misfortune, like a creditor severe,  
 But rises in demand for her delay;  
 She makes a scourge of past prosperity,  
 To sting thee more, and double thy distress.  
 Lorenzo, Fortune makes her court to thee.  
 Thy fond heart dances, while the syren sings.  
 Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;  
 I would not damp, but to secure thy joys.  
 Think not that Fear is sacred to the storm.  
 Stand on thy guard against the smiles of Fate.  
 Is Heav'n tremendous in its frowns? Most sure;  
 And in its favours formidable too:  
 Its favours here are trials, not rewards;  
 A call to duty, not discharge from care;  
 And should alarm us full as much as woes;  
 Awake us to their cause, and consequence;  
 And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert;  
 Awe Nature's tumult, and chastize her joys,  
 Lest, while we clasp, we kill them; nay, invert  
 To worse than simple misery, their charms.  
 Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,  
 Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,  
 With rage invenom'd rise against our peace.  
 Beware what earth calls happiness; beware  
 All joys, but joys that never can expire.

Who

Who builds on less than an immortal base,  
 Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.  
 Mine dy'd with thee, Philander! thy last sigh  
 Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanted earth  
 Lost all her lustre. Where her glitt'ring towers?  
 Her golden mountains where? all darken'd down  
 To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears:  
 The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece  
 Of out-cast earth, in darkness! what a change  
 From yesterday! thy darling hope so near.  
 (Long-labour'd prize!) O how ambition flush'd  
 Thy glowing cheek! Ambition, truly great,  
 Of virtuous praise. Death's subtle seed within,  
 (Sly, treach'rous miner!) working in the dark,  
 Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd  
 The worm to riot on that rose so red,  
 Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!  
 Man's foresight is conditionally wise:  
 Lorenzo! Wisdom into Folly turns  
 Oft, the first instant, its idea fair  
 To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye!  
 The present moment terminates our sight;  
 Clouds, thick as those on Doomsday, drown the next;  
 We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.  
 Time is dealt out by particles, and each,  
 Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,  
 By Fate's inviolable oath is sworn  
 Deep silence, "Where Eternity begins."  
 By Nature's law, what may be, may be now;  
 There's no prerogative in human hours.

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In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,  
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?  
Where is to-morrow? In another world.  
For numbers this is certain; the reverse  
Is sure to none; and yet on this perhaps,  
This peradventure, infamous for lyes,  
As on a rock of adamant, we build  
Our mountain hopes; spin our eternal schemes,  
As we the fatal sisters would out-spin,  
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not ev'n Philander had bespoken his shroud.  
Nor had he cause; a warning was deny'd:  
How many fall as sudden, not as safe!  
As sudden, tho' for years admonish'd home.  
Of human ills the last extreme beware.  
Beware, Lorenzo! a slow-sudden death.  
How dreadful that deliberate surprize!  
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;  
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;  
Thus on, till Wisdom is push'd out of life.  
Procrastination is the thief of time;  
Year after year it steals, till all is fled,  
And, to the mercies of a moment, leaves  
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.  
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?  
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears  
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"  
For ever on the brink of being born.  
All pay themselves the compliment to think

They

They one day shall not drivel; and their pride  
On this reversion takes up ready praise;  
At least their own, their future selves applauds;  
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!  
Time, lodg'd in their own hands, is Folly's vails;  
That lodg'd in Fate's, to Wisdom they consign;  
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone:  
'Tis not in Folly, not to scorn a fool,  
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.

All promise is poor dilatory man,  
And that thro' ev'ry stage: when young, indeed,  
In full content, we, sometimes, nobly rest,  
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,  
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.  
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;  
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;  
At fifty chides his infamous delay,  
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;  
In all the magnanimity of thought  
Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.

And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.  
All men think all men mortal but themselves;  
Themselves, when some alarming shock of Fate  
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread;  
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,  
Soon close; where pass'd the shaft no trace is found.  
As from the wing no scar the sky retains;  
The parted wave no furrow from the keel:  
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.  
Ev'n with the tender tear which Nature sheds

O'er

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O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.  
 Can I forget Philander? That were strange;  
 O my full heart!—But should I give it vent,  
 The longest night, tho' longer far, would fail,  
 And the lark listen to my midnight song.

The sprightly lark's shrill matin wakes the morn;  
 Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressing on my breast,  
 I strive, with wakeful melody, to chear  
 The sullen gloom, sweet Philomel! like thee,  
 And call the stars to listen: ev'ry star  
 Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.  
 Yet be not vain; there are, who thine excel,  
 And charm thro' distant ages: wrapt in shade,  
 Pris'ner of darkness! to the silent hours,  
 How often I repeat their rage divine,  
 To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe!  
 I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.  
 Dark, tho' not blind, like thee, Mæonides!  
 Or, Milton! thee; ah! could I reach your strain!  
 Or his, who made Mæonides our own.  
 Man, too, he sung: immortal man I sing;  
 Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life;  
 What, now, but immortality, can please?  
 O had he press'd his theme, pursu'd the track  
 Which opens out of darkness into day!  
 O had he mounted on his wing of fire,  
 Soar'd, where I sink, and sung immortal man!  
 How had it bless'd mankind, and rescu'd me!

NIGHT

# NIGHT THE SECOND.

O N

TIME, DEATH, FRIENDSHIP.

“**W**HEN the cock crew, he wept”—Smote by  
that eye,

Which looks on me, on all: that Pow’r, who bids  
This midnight centinel, with clarion shrill,  
Emblem of that which shall awake the dead,  
Rouse souls from slumber, into thoughts of Heaven.

Shall I, too, weep? Where, then, is Fortitude?

And, Fortitude abandon’d, where is man?

I know the terms on which he sees the light;

He that is born is list’d: life is war;

Eternal war with Woe. Who bears it best,

Deserves it least.—On other themes I’ll dwell.

Lorenzo! let me turn my thoughts on thee,

And thine, on themes may profit; profit there,

Where most thy need. Themes, too, the genuine  
growth,

Of dear Philander’s dust. He, thus, tho’ dead,

May still befriend—What themes? Time’s wond’rous

Price,

Death, Friendship, and Philander’s final scene.

So could I touch these themes, as might obtain  
Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite disengag’d,

The

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The good deed would delight me ; half-imprefs  
 On my dark cloud an Iris ; and from Grief  
 Call Glory—Dost thou mourn Philander's fate ?  
 I know thou say'st it : says thy life the same ?  
 He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.  
 Where is that thrift, that avarice of Time,  
 (O glorious avarice !) thought of Death inspires,  
 As rumour'd robberies endear our gold ?  
 O Time ! than gold more sacred ; more a load  
 Than lead, to fools ; and fools reputed wise.  
 What moment granted man without account ?  
 What years are squander'd, Wisdom's debt unpaid !  
 Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.  
 Haste, haste, he lies in wait ; he's at the door ;  
 Insidious Death ! should his strong hand arrest,  
 No composition sets the pris'ner free.  
 Eternity's inexorable chain  
 Fast binds ; and Vengeance claims the full arrear,  
 How, late, I shudder'd on the brink ! how, late,  
 Life call'd for her last refuge in despair !  
 That Time is mine, O Mead, to thee I owe ;  
 Fain would I pay thee with eternity.  
 But ill my genius answers my desire ;  
 My sickly song is mortal, past thy cure.  
 Accept the will——that dies not with my strain.  
 For what calls thy disease, Lorenzo ? Not  
 For Esculapian, but for moral aid.  
 Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.  
 Youth is not rich in Time ; it may be poor ;  
 Part with it as with money, sparing ; pay

No

No moment, but in purchase of its worth;  
 And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.  
 Part with it as with life, reluctant; big  
 With holy hope of nobler time to come;  
 Time higher-aim'd, still nearer the great mark  
 Of men and angels; virtue more divine.

Is this our duty, wisdom, glory, gain?  
 (These Heav'n benign in vital union binds)  
 And sport we like the natives of the bough,  
 When vernal suns inspire? Amusement reigns  
 Man's great demand: to trifle is to live:  
 And is it, then, a trifle, too, to die?

Thou say'st I preach, Lorenzo! 'Tis confess.  
 What if, for once, I preach thee quite awake?  
 Who wants amusement in the flame of battle?  
 Is it not treason to the soul immortal,  
 Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?  
 Will toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure?  
 When spirits ebb, when Life's enchanting scenes  
 Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,  
 As lands and cities with their glitt'ring spires,  
 To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm  
 Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there;  
 Will toys amuse? No; thrones will then be toys,  
 And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

Redeem we time?—Its loss we dearly buy.  
 What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd sports?  
 He pleads Time's num'rous blanks: he loudly pleads  
 The straw-like trifles on Life's common stream.  
 From whom those blanks and trifles, but from thee?

No

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No blank, no trifle Nature made, or meant.  
 Virtue, or purpos'd virtue, still be thine;  
 This cancels thy complaint at once; this leaves  
 In act no trifle, and no blank in time.  
 This greatens, fills, immortalizes all;  
 This, the blest art of turning all to gold;  
 This, the good heart's prerogative to raise  
 A royal tribute from the poorest hours;  
 Immense revenue! ev'ry moment pays.  
 If nothing more than purpose in thy pow'r;  
 Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed:  
 Who does the best his circumstance allows,  
 Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.  
 Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint:  
 'Tis not in things o'er Thought to domineer;  
 Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in  
 Heaven.

On all important Time, thro' ev'ry age,  
 Tho' much, and warm, the wise have urg'd; the man  
 Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.  
 "I've lost a day."—The prince who nobly cry'd,  
 Had been an emperor without his crown;  
 Of Rome? Say, rather, lord of human race:  
 He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.  
 So should all speak: so Reason speaks in all;  
 From the soft whispers of that God in man,  
 Why fly to Folly, why to phrensy fly,  
 For rescue from the blessings we possess!  
 Time, the supreme!—Time is Eternity;  
 Pregnant with all Eternity can give;

Pregnant

Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.  
Who murders Time, he crushes in the birth  
A pow'r ethereal, only not ador'd.

Ah! how unjust to Nature, and himself,  
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!  
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,  
We censure Nature for a span too short;  
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;  
Torture invention, all expedients tire,  
To lash the ling'ring moments into speed,  
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.  
Art, brainless Art, our furious charioteer,  
(For Nature's voice unstifled would recall)  
Drives headlong tow'rd the precipice of Death;  
Death, most our dread; Death thus more dreadful  
made;

O what a riddle of absurdity!  
Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot-wheels;  
How heavily we drag the load of life!  
Blest Leisure is our curse; like that of Cain,  
It makes us wander, wander earth around,  
To fly that tyrant Thought. As Atlas groan'd  
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.  
We cry for mercy to the next amusement;  
The next amusement mortgages our fields!  
Slight inconvenience! Prisons hardly frown,  
From hateful Time if prisons set us free.  
Yet when Death kindly tenders us relief,  
We call him cruel! years to moments shrink,  
Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd.

To

# 116 THE BEAUTIES OF

To man's false optics (from his folly false)  
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,  
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age:  
Behold him when past by; what then is seen,  
But his broad pinions, swifter than the winds?  
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,  
Rueful, aghast, cry out on his career.

Leave to thy foes these errors, and these ills;  
To Nature just, their cause and cure explore.  
Not short Heav'n's bounty; boundless our expence;  
No niggard, Nature; men are prodigals.  
We waste, not use our time; we breathe, not live.  
Time wasted is existence; us'd, is life.  
And bare existence, man, to live ordain'd,  
Wrings, and oppresses with enormous weight.  
And why? since Time was giv'n for use, not waste,  
Injoin'd to fly; with tempest, tide, and stars,  
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man;  
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure; waste, a pain;  
That man might feel his error, if unseen:  
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;  
Not, blund'ring, split on idleness for ease.  
Life's cares are comforts; such by Heav'n design'd;  
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.  
Cares are employments; and, without employ,  
The soul is on the rack; the rack of rest,  
To souls most adverse, action all their joy.

Here, then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;  
Then Time turns torment, when man turns a fool.  
We rave, we wrestle with great Nature's plan;

We

We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,  
 Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.  
 Hence our unnatural quarrel with ourselves;  
 Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom-broil;  
 We push Time from us, and we wish him back;  
 Lavish of lusts, and yet fond of life;  
 Life we think long, and short; Death seek, and shun;  
 Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,  
 United jar, and yet are loth part.

Oh the dark days of Vanity! while here,  
 How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!  
 Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;  
 The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd;  
 And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.  
 Nor death, nor life delight us. If Time past,  
 And Time possess, both pain us, what can please?  
 That which the Deity to please ordain'd,  
 Time us'd. The man who consecrates his hours  
 By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,  
 At once he draws the sting of Life and Death;  
 He walks with Nature; and her paths are peace.

Our error's cause and cure are seen: see, next,  
 Time's nature, origin, importance, speed;  
 And thy great gain from urging his career.—  
 All-sensual man, because untouch'd, unseen,  
 He looks on Time as nothing. Nothing else  
 Is truly man's; 'tis Fortune's—Time's a God.  
 Hast thou ne'er heard of Time's omnipotence?  
 For or against, what wonders can he do!  
 And will: to stand blank neuter he disdains.

Not

118 THE BEAUTIES OF

Not on those terms was Time (Heav'n's stranger!) sent  
On his important embassy to man.

Lorenzo! no: on the long-destin'd hour,  
From everlasting ages growing ripe,  
That memorable hour of wond'rous birth,  
When the Dread Sire, on emanation bent,  
And, big with Nature, rising in his might,  
Call'd forth Creation (for then Time was born),  
By Godhead streaming thro' a thousand worlds;  
Not on those terms, from the great days of Heaven,  
From old Eternity's mysterious orb,  
Was Time cut off, and cast beneath the skies;  
The skies, which watch him in his new abode,  
Measuring his motions by revolving spheres;  
That horologe machinery divine.  
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children,  
play,

Like num'rous wings around him, as he flies:  
Or, rather, as unequal plumes, they shape  
His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,  
To gain his goal, to reach his antient rest,  
And join anew Eternity, his fire;  
In his immutability to nest,  
When worlds, that count his circles now, unhing'd,  
(Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush  
To timeless Night and Chaos, whence they rose.

Why spur the speedy? Why, with levities,  
New-wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight?  
Know'st thou, or what thou dost, or what is done?  
Man flies from Time, and Time from Man; too soon

In

In sad divorce this double flight must end:  
And then, where are we? where, Lorenzo! then  
Thy sports? thy pomps?—I grant thee, in a state  
Not unambitious; in the ruffled shroud,  
Thy Parian tomb's triumphant arch beneath!  
Has Death his fopperies? Then well may Life  
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.

Ye well-array'd! Ye lilies of our land!  
Ye lilies male! who neither toil nor spin,  
(As sister lilies might) if not so wise  
As Solomon, more sumptuous to the sight!  
Ye delicate! who nothing can support,  
Yourself most insupportable! for whom  
The winter rose must blow, the Sun put on  
A brighter beam in Leo; silky-soft  
Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid;  
And other worlds send odours, sawce, and song,  
And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!  
O ye Lorenzo's of our age! who deem  
One moment unamus'd, a misery  
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud  
For ev'ry bawble, drivell'd o'er by sense;  
For rattles, and conceits of ev'ry cast,  
For change of follies, and relays of joy,  
To drag your patient thro' the tedious length  
Of a short winter's day—say, sages! say,  
Wit's oracles! say, dreamers of gay dreams!  
How will you weather an eternal night,  
Where such expedients fail?

O treach'rous

O treach'rous Conscience, while she seems to sleep  
 On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song;  
 While she seems nodding o'er her charge, to drop  
 On headlong Appetite the slacken'd rein,  
 And give us up to Licence, unrecall'd,  
 Unmark'd;—See, from behind her secret stand,  
 The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault,  
 And her dread diary with horror fills.  
 Not the gross act alone employs her pen;  
 She reconnoitres Fancy's airy band,  
 A watchful foe! The formidable spy,  
 Lift'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp:  
 Our dawning purposes of heart explores,  
 And steals our embryos of iniquity.  
 As all rapacious usurers conceal  
 Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs;  
 Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats  
 Us spendthrifts of inestimable Time;  
 Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;  
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,  
 Writes our whole history; which Death shall read  
 In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear;  
 And Judgment publish; publish to more worlds  
 Than this; and endless age in groans resound.  
 Lorenzo, such that sleeper in thy breast!  
 Such is her slumber; and her vengeance such  
 For slighted counsel; such thy future peace!  
 And think'st thou still thou can'st be wise too soon?

But why on Time so lavish is my song?  
 On this great theme kind Nature keeps a school.

To teach her sons herself. Each night we die,  
 Each morn are born anew: each day, a life!  
 And shall we kill each day? If Trifling kills,  
 Sure Vice must butcher. O what heaps of slain  
 Cry out for vengeance on us. Time destroy'd  
 Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt.  
 Time flies, Death urges, knells call, Heaven invites,  
 Hell threatens: all exerts; in effort, all;  
 More than Creation labours!—Labours more?  
 And is there in Creation, what, amidst  
 This tumult universal, wing'd Dispatch,  
 And ardent Energy, supinely yawns?—  
 Man sleeps; and man alone; and man, whose fate,  
 Fate irreverfible, intire, extreme,  
 Endless, hair-hung, breeze shaken, o'er the gulph  
 A moment trembles; drops! and man, for whom  
 All else is in alarm; man, the fole caufe  
 Of this furrouring form! And yet he fleeps,  
 As the fform rock'd to ref.——Throw years away?  
 Throw empires, and be blamelefs. Moments feize;  
 Heav'n's on their wing: a moment we may wifh,  
 When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid Day fstand ffill,  
 Bid him drive back his car, and reimport  
 The period paff. Regive the given hour.  
 Lorenzo, more than miracles we want;  
 Lorenzo——O for yefterdays to come!

Such is the language of the man awake;  
 His ardour fuch, for what oppreffes thee.  
 And is his ardour vain, Lorenzo? No;  
 That more than miracle the gods indulge;

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To-day is yesterday return'd; return'd  
 Full-power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,  
 And reinstate us on the rock of Peace.  
 Let it not share its predecessor's fate;  
 Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.  
 Shall it evaporate in fume? Fly off  
 Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still?  
 Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?  
 More wretched for the clemencies of Heaven?

Where shall I find Him?—Angels! tell me where.  
 You know him: he is near you: point him out:  
 Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?  
 Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers?  
 Your golden wings, now hov'ring o'er him, shed  
 Protection; now, are waving in applause  
 To that blest son of Foresight! lord of Fate!  
 That awful independent on To-morrow!  
 Whose work is done; who triumphs in the past;  
 Whose Yesterdays look backwards with a smile;  
 Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly;  
 That common, but opprobrious lot! Past hours,  
 If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,  
 If Folly bounds our prospect by the grave,  
 All feeling of Futurity benumb'd;  
 All god-like passions for eternals quencht;  
 All relish of realities expir'd;  
 Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies;  
 Our freedom chain'd; quite wingless our desire;  
 In Sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar;  
 Prone to the centre; crawling in the dust;

Dismounted

Dismounted ev'ry great and glorious aim ;  
 Embruted ev'ry faculty divine ;  
 Heart-bury'd in the rubbish of the world.  
 The world, that gulph of souls, immortal souls,  
 Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire  
 To reach the distant skies, and triumph there,  
 On thrones which shall not mourn their masters  
 chang'd;

Tho' we from earth ; ethereal they that fell.  
 Such veneration due, O man ! to man !

Who venerate themselves, the world despise.  
 For what, gay friend ! is this escutcheon'd world,  
 Which hangs out Death in one eternal night ?  
 A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,  
 And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud.  
 Life's little stage is a small eminence,  
 Inch-high the grave above, that home of man,  
 Where dwells the multitude : we gaze around ;  
 We read their monuments ; we sigh ; and, while  
 We sigh, we sink ; and are what we deplor'd :  
 Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot !

Is Death at distance ? No : he has been on thee ;  
 And giv'n sure earnest of his final blow.  
 Those Hours, which lately smil'd, where are they now ?  
 Pallid to Thought, and ghastly ! drown'd, all drown'd  
 In that great deep which nothing disembogues !  
 And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.  
 The rest are on the wing : how fleet their flight !  
 Already has the fatal train took fire ;  
 A moment, and the world's blown up to thee ;  
 The Sun is darkness and the stars are dark.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;  
 And ask them, what report they bore to Heaven;  
 And how they might have borne more welcome news.  
 Their answers form what men Experience call;  
 If Wisdom's friend, her best; if not, worst foe.  
 O reconcile them! kind Experience cries,  
 "There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;  
 "The more our joy, the more we know it vain;  
 "And by Success are tutor'd to Despair."

Nor is it only thus, but must be so.  
 Who knows not this, tho' grey, is still a child.  
 Loose, then, from Earth, the grasp of fond Desire,  
 Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,  
 Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes?  
 Since, by Life's passing-breath, blown up from Earth,  
 Light, as the Summer's dust, we take in air  
 A moment's giddy flight, and fall again;  
 Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,  
 And sleep, till Earth herself shall be no more;  
 Since then (as emmets, their small world o'erthrown)  
 We, sore amaz'd, from out Earth's ruins crawl,  
 And rise to fate extreme of foul or fair,  
 As man's own choice (controuler of the skies!)  
 As man's despotic will, perhaps one hour,  
 (O how omnipotent is Time!) decrees;  
 Should not each warning give a strong alarm?  
 Warning, far less than that of bosom torn  
 From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead!  
 Should not each dial strike us as we pass,

Portentous,

Portentous, as the written wall, which struck;  
O'er midnight bowls, the proud Assyrian pale,  
Ere-while high-flush'd with insolence and wine;  
Like thar, the dial speaks; and points to thee;  
Lorenzo! loth to break thy banquet up;  
"O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;  
"And, while it lasts, is emptier than my shade."  
Its silent language such: nor need'st thou call  
Thy magi, to decypher what it means.  
Know, like the Median, Fate is in thy walls:  
Dost ask, How? Whence? Belshazzar-like, amaz'd?  
Man's make incloses the sure seeds of Death;  
Life feeds the murderer: ingrate! he thrives  
On her own meal, and then his nurse devours.

But here, Lorenzo, the delusion lies:  
That solar-shadow, as it measures life,  
It Life resembles too: Life speeds away  
From point to point, tho' seeming to stand still.  
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth:  
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;  
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.  
Warnings point out our danger: gnomons, Time;  
As these are useless when the sun is set;  
So those, but when more glorious Reason shines.  
Reason should judge in all; in Reason's eye,  
That sedentary shadow travels hard.  
But such our gravitation to the wrong,  
So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,  
'Tis later with the wise, than he's aware;  
A Wilmington goes slower than the sun:

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And all mankind mistake their time of day ;  
 Ev'n Age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown  
 In furrow'd brows. So gentle Life's descent,  
 We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.  
 We take fair days in Winter, for the Spring ;  
 And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft  
 Man must compute that age he cannot feel,  
 He scarce believes he's older for his years.  
 Thus, at Life's latest eve, we keep in store  
 One disappointment sure, to crown the rest ;  
 The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

On this, or similar, Philander ! thou,  
 Whose mind was moral as the preacher's tongue ;  
 And strong, to wield all science, worth the name ;  
 How often we talk'd down the Summer's Sun,  
 And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream !  
 How often thaw'd and shorten'd Winter's eve,  
 By conflict kind, that struck out latent truth,  
 Best found, so sought ; to the recluse more coy !  
 Thoughts disentangle, passing o'er the lip ;  
 Clean runs the thread ; if not, 'tis thrown away,  
 Or kept to tie up nonsense for a song ;  
 Song, fashionably fruitless : such as stains  
 The Fancy, and unhallow'd Passion fires ;  
 Chiming her saints to Cytherea's fane.  
 Know'st thou, Lorenzo ! what a Friend contains ?  
 As bees mix'd Nectar draw from fragrant flow'rs,  
 So men from Friendship, Wisdom and Delight ;  
 Twins ty'd by Nature ; if they part, they die.  
 Hast thou no Friend to set thy mind abroad ?

Good

Good Sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up, want air,  
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the Sun.  
Had Thought been all, sweet Speech had been deny'd;  
Speech, Thought's canal! Speech, Thought's cri-  
terion too!

Thought in the mine, may come forth gold, or dross;  
When coin'd in word, we know its real worth.  
If sterling, store it for thy future use;  
'Twill buy thee benefit, perhaps renown.  
Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possesst:  
Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we retain  
The births of Intellect; when dumb, forgot.  
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;  
Speech burnishes our mental magazine;  
Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for use.  
What numbers, sheath'd in Erudition, lie,  
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,  
And rusted in, who might have borne an edge,  
And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to Speech;  
If born blest heirs of half their mother's tongue!  
'Tis Thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate  
push

Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,  
And defecates the student's standing pool.

In Contemplation is his proud resource?  
'Tis poor, as proud, by Converse unsustain'd.  
Rude Thought runs wild in Contemplation's field;  
Converse, the menage, breaks it to the bit  
Of due restraint; and Emulation's spur  
Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.

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'Tis converse qualifies for solitude ;  
 As exercise, for salutary rest.  
 By that untutor'd, Contemplation raves ;  
 And Nature's fool by Wisdom's is outdone.  
 Wisdom, tho' richer than Peruvian mines,  
 And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,  
 What is she, but the means of Happiness ?  
 That unobtain'd, than Folly more a fool ;  
 A melancholy fool, without her bells.  
 Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives  
 The precious end which makes our wisdom wise.  
 Nature, in zeal for human amity,  
 Denies, or damps, an undivided joy.  
 Joy is an import ; joy is an exchange ;  
 Joy flies monopolists ; it calls for two ;  
 Rich fruit ! heav'n-planted ! never pluck'd by one !  
 Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give  
 To social man true relish of himself.  
 Full on ourselves descending in a line  
 Pleasure's bright beam, is feeble in delight :  
 Delight intense is taken by rebound ;  
 Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.  
 Celestial happiness, whene'er she stoops  
 To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,  
 And one alone, to make her sweet amends  
 For absent Heav'n---the bosom of a Friend ;  
 Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,  
 Each other's pillow to repose divine.  
 Beware the counterfeit : in Passion's Flame  
 Hearts melt ; but melt like ice, soon harder froze.

True

True love strikes root in Reason; Passion's foe:  
Virtue alone entenders us for life:  
I wrong her much---entenders us for ever:  
Of Friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair  
Is Virtue, kindling at a rival fire,  
And emulously rapid in her race.  
O the soft enmity! endearing strife!  
This carries Friendship to her noon-tide point,  
And gives the rivet of Eternity.

From Friendship, which outlives my former themes,  
Glorious survivor of old Time, and Death!  
From Friendship, thus, that flow'r of heav'nly seed,  
The wise extract Earth's most hyblean bliss,  
Superior Wisdom, crown'd with smiling Joy.

But for whom blossoms this Elyfian flow'r  
Abroad they find, who cherish it at home:  
Lorenzo! pardon what my love extorts,  
An honest love, and not afraid to frown.  
Tho' choice of follies fasten on the great,  
None clings more obstinate, than Fancy fond  
That sacred Friendship is their easy prey,  
Caught by the wafture of a golden lure,  
Or fascination of a high-born smile.  
Their smiles, the great, and the coquet, throw out  
For others hearts, tenacious of their own;  
And we no less of ours, when such the bait  
Ye Fortune's cofferers! Ye pow'rs of Wealth!  
Can gold gain Friendship? Impudence of Hope!  
As well mere man an angel might beget.  
Love, and Love only, is the loan for Love.

G 5 Lorenzo!

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Lorenzo ! Pride repress ; nor hope to find  
A Friend, but what has found a Friend in thee ;  
All like the purchase ; few the price will pay :  
And this makes Friends such miracles below.

What if (since daring on so nice a theme)  
I shew thee Friendship delicate, as dear,  
Of tender violations apt to die ?  
Reserve will wound it ; and Distrust, destroy.  
Deliberate on all things with thy Friend.  
But, since Friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough,  
Nor ev'ry Friend unrotten at the core ;  
First, on thy Friend delib'rate with thyself ;  
Pause, ponder, fist ; not eager in the choice,  
Nor jealous of the chosen : fixing, fix ;  
Judge before Friendship ; then confide till Death.  
Well, for thy friend ; but nobler far for thee ;  
How gallant danger for Earth's highest prize !  
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.

" Poor is the friendless master of a world :  
" A world in purchase for a Friend is gain."

So sung he (angels hear that angel sing !  
Angels from Friendship gather half their joy)  
So sung Philander, as his Friend went round  
In the rich Ichor, in the generous blood  
Of Bacchus, purple god of joyous Wit,  
A brow solute, and ever-laughing eye.  
He drank long health, and virtue to his Friend,  
His Friend, who warm'd him more, who more inspir'd.  
Friendship's the wine of life ; but Friendship new  
(Not such was his) is neither strong nor pure.  
O ! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,

And elevating spirit, of a friend,  
For twenty summers ripening by my side;  
All feculence of falshood long thrown down;  
All social virtues rising in his soul;  
As crystal clear; and smiling, as they rise!  
Here nectar flows; it sparkles in our sight;  
Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart.  
High-flavour'd bliss for Gods! on earth how rare!  
On earth how lost!--Philander is no more.

Think'st thou the theme intoxicates my song?  
Am I too warm?---Too warm I cannot be.  
I lov'd him much; but now I love him more.  
Like birds, whose beauties languish, half-conceal'd,  
Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes  
Expanded, shine with azure, green, and gold;  
How blessings brighten as they take their flight!  
His flight Philander took, his upward flight,  
If ever soul ascended. Had he dropt,  
(That eagle genius!) O had he let fall  
One feather as he flew, I, then, had wrote,  
What friends might flatter; prudent foes forbear;  
Rivals scarce damn; and Zoilus reprieve.  
Yet what I can, I must: it were profane  
To quench a glory lighted at the skies,  
And cast in shadows his illustrious close.  
Strange! the theme most affecting, most sublime,  
Momentous most to man, should sleep unsung!  
And yet it sleeps, by genius unawak'd,  
Painim or Christian; to the blush of Wit.  
Man's highest triumph! man's profoundest fall!

The death-bed of the just! Is yet undrawn  
 By mortal hand; it merits a divine:  
 Angels should paint it, angels ever there;  
 There, on a post of honour, and of joy.  
 Dare I presume, then? But Philander bids;  
 And Glory tempts, and Inclination calls —  
 Yet am I struck; as struck the soul, beneath  
 Aërial groves impenetrable gloom;  
 Or, in some mighty ruin's solemn shade;  
 Or, gazing by pale lamps on high-born dust,  
 In vaults; thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings;  
 Or, at the midnight altar's hallow'd flame.  
 It is religion to proceed: I pause —  
 And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.  
 Is it his death-bed? No: it is his shrine:  
 Behold him, there, just rising to a God.  
 The chamber where the good man meets his fate,  
 Is privileg'd beyond the common walk  
 Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of Heav'n.  
 Fly, ye profane! If not, draw near with awe,  
 Receive the blessing, and adore the chance,  
 That threw in this Bethesda your disease;  
 If unrestor'd by this, despair your cure.  
 For, here, restless Demonstration dwells;  
 A death-bed's a detector of the heart.  
 Here, tir'd Dissimulation drops her masque,  
 Thro' Life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!  
 Here real, and apparent, are the same.  
 You see the man; you see his hold on Heav'n;  
 If sound his virtue; as Philander's sound,

Heav'n

Heav'n waits not the last moment; owns her friends  
On this side death, and points them out to men,  
A lecture silent, but of sov'reign pow'r!  
To Vice, confusion; and to Virtue, peace.

Whatever force the boastful hero plays,  
Virtue alone has majesty in Death;  
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.  
Philander; he severely frown'd on thee.

"No warning giv'n! Unceremonious fate!  
"A sudden rush from Life's meridian joys!  
"A wrench from all we love! from all we are!  
"A restless bed of Pain! a plunge opaque  
"Beyond conjecture! Feeble Nature's dread!  
"Strong Reason's shudder at the dark unknown!  
"A Sun extinguish'd! A just opening grave!  
"And Oh! the last, last; what? (can words express?  
"Thought reach it?) the last---Silence of a Friend!"

Where are those horrors, that amazement, where,  
This hideous group of ills, which singly shock,  
Demand from man?---I thought him man till now.

Thro' Nature's wreck, thro' vanquish'd agonies,  
(Like the stars struggling thro' this midnight gloom)  
What gleams of joy? what more than human peace?  
Where, the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?  
No, not in Death the mortal to be found.  
His conduct is a legacy for all.

Richer than Mammon's for his single heir.  
His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,  
With unreluctant grandeur gives, not yields  
His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.

How

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How our hearts burnt within us at the scene!  
 Whence this brave-bound o'er limits fixt to man!  
 His God sustains him in his final hour!  
 His final hour brings glory to his God!  
 Man's glory Heav'n vouchsafes to call her own.  
 We gaze; we weep; mixt tears of grief and joy!  
 Amazement strikes! Devotion bursts to flame!  
 Christians adore, and Infidels believe.

As some tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow,  
 Detains the Sun, illustrious from its height;  
 While rising vapours, and descending shades,  
 With damps and darkness drown the spacious vale;  
 Undampt by Doubt, undarken'd by Despair,  
 Philander, thus, augustly rears his head,  
 At that black hour, which gen'ral horror sheds  
 On the low level of th' inglorious throng:  
 Sweet Peace, and heav'nly Hope, and humble Joy,  
 Divinely beam on his exalted soul;  
 Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,  
 With incommunicable lustre bright.

SATIRE

S A T I R E I.

Young's Satires were in higher reputation when published, than they stand in at present. He seems fonder of dazzling than pleasing; of raising our admiration for his wit, than our dislike of the follies he ridicules.

**M**Y verse is Satire; Dorset, lend your ear,  
And patronize a muse you cannot fear;  
To poets sacred is a Dorset's name,  
Their wonted passport thro' the gates of Fame;  
It bribes the partial reader into praise,  
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays;  
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,  
And gives applause to B—e, or to me.  
But you decline the mistress we pursue!  
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.

Instructive Satire, true to Virtue's cause!  
Thou shining supplement of public laws!  
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age  
Reproach our silence and demand our rage;  
When purchas'd follies from each distant land,  
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;  
When the law shews her teeth, but dares not bite,  
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;  
When Churchmen Scripture for the Classics quit,  
Polite apostates from God's Grace to Wit;

When

When men grow great from their revenue spent,  
 And fly from bailiffs into parliament;  
 When dying sinners, to blot out their score,  
 Bequeath the church the leavings of a whore;  
 To chafe our spleen when themes like these increase,  
 Shall Panegyric reign, and Censure cease?  
 Shall Poesy, like Law, turn wrong to right,  
 And dedications wash an Æthiop white,  
 Set up each senseless wretch for Nature's beast,  
 On whom praise shines as trophies on a post?  
 Shall Funeral Eloquence her Colours spread,  
 And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?  
 Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,  
 And satirize with nothing—but their praise?  
 Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,  
 Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain?  
 Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester, are dead,  
 And Guilt's chief foe in Addison is fled;  
 Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels fairly won,  
 Sits smiling at the goal while others run,  
 He will not write; and (more provoking still!)  
 Ye Gods! he will not write, and Mævius will.  
 Doubly distressed, what author shall we find  
 Discreetly daring, and severely kind,  
 The courtly Roman's shining path to tread,  
 And sharply smile prevailing Folly dead?  
 Will no superior genius snatch the quill,  
 And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?  
 Tho' vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.  
 What will not men attempt for sacred Praise?

The

The love of Praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,  
Reigns, more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart:  
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;  
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.  
O'er globes and scepters, now, on thrones it swells;  
Now, trims the midnight lamp in college-cells.  
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,  
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades;  
Here, to S——e's humour makes a bold pretence;  
There, bolder, aims at Pulteney's eloquence.  
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,  
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;  
Nor ends with life; but nods in fable plumes,  
Adorns our herse, and flatters on our tombs.

What is not proud? The Pimp is proud to see  
So many like himself in high degree:  
The Whore is proud her beauties are the dread  
Of peevish Virtue, and the marriage-bed;  
And the brib'd Cuckold, like crown'd victims born  
To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.  
Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,  
And come back much more guilty than they went.  
One way they look, another way they steer,  
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;  
And when their sins they set sincerely down,  
They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others with wishful eyes on Glory look,  
When they have got their picture towards a book.  
Or pompous Title, like a gaudy sign  
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.

If

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If at his Title T—— had dropt his quill,  
T—— might have pass'd for a great genius still;  
But T——, alas! (excuse him, if you can)  
Is now a scribbler, who was once a man.

Imperious, some, a classic Fame demand,  
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,  
A waggon-load of meanings for one word,  
While A's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.

Some, for Renown, on scraps of learning dote,  
And think they grow immortal as they quote.  
To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd;  
Both strive to make our Poverty our Pride.

On Glafs how witty is a noble peer?  
Did ever diamond cost a man so dear?  
Polite diseases make some idiots vain,  
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.  
On death-beds some in conscious glory lie,  
Since of the doctor in the mode they die;  
Whose wond'rous skill is, headfman-like, to know,  
For better pay to give a surer blow.

Of Folly, Vice, Disease, men proud we see;  
And (stranger still) of blockhead's flattery,  
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean,  
By spitting on your face, to make it clean.

Nor is't enough all hearts are swol'n with Pride,  
Her pow'r is mighty, as her realm is wide.  
What can she not perform? The love of Fame  
Made bold Alphonfus his Creator blame,  
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep,  
And (stronger still!) made Alexander weep.

Nay,

Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed,  
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.

This passion with a pimple have I seen  
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen,  
By this inspir'd (O! ne'er to be forgot)  
Some lords have learnt to spell, and some to knot.  
It makes globose a speaker in the house;  
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.  
It makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail,  
And I the little hero of each tale.

Sick with the love of Fame what throngs pour in,  
Unpeople court, and leave the senate thin?  
My growing subject seems but just begun,  
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.  
Aid me, great Homer! with thy Epic rules,  
To take a catalogue of British fools.  
Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine,  
A knave, or fool, should perish in each line;  
Tho', for the first, all Westminster should plead,  
And, for the last, all Gresham intercede.

Begin. Who first the catalogue shall grace?  
To Quality belongs the highest place.  
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!  
Ye vulgar! at your peril give him room;  
He stands for Fame on his forefather's feet,  
By heraldry prov'd valiant, or discreet.  
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes  
Above the man by three descents less wise?  
If virtues at his noble hand you crave,  
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave,

Men

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Men should press forward in Fame's glorious chace,  
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?  
Nothing——but Merit in a low estate.

To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer  
Vice, tho' descended from the Conqueror.  
Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,  
Slight, or important, only by their place?  
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;  
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, lies.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,  
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.  
Dorset, let those who proudly boast their line,  
Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine.

Vain as false greatness is, the muse must own  
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone.  
Mean sons of Earth, who, on a South-Sea tide  
Of full success, swam into Wealth and Pride,  
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,  
And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,  
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.  
Those governments which curb not evils, cause;  
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.

Belus with solid glory will be crown'd;  
He buys no phantom, no vain, empty sound,  
But builds himself a name; and, to be great,  
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate;  
In cost and grandeur Chandos he'll out-do,  
And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true.

The pile is finish'd, ev'ry toil is past,  
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;  
When, lo! my lord to some small corner runs,  
And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns.

The man who builds and wants wherewith to pay,  
Provides a home from which to run away.  
In Britain what is many a lordly seat,  
But a discharge in full for an estate?

In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame;  
Not domes, but antick statues are his flame.  
Not F—t—n's self more Parian charms has known;  
Nor is good Pembroke more in love with stone.  
The bailiffs come (rude men, prophanely bold!)  
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.

"No, fir," he cries, "I'll sooner rot in jail!  
"Shall Grecian arts be truckt for English bail?"  
Such heads might make their very busto's laugh,  
His daughter starves, but Cleopatra's safe.  
Men overloaded with a large estate,  
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit;  
The rich may be polite; but oh! 'tis sad  
To say you're curious, when we swear you're mad.  
By your revenue measure your expence,  
And to your funds and acres join your sense;  
No man is blest by accident or guess;  
True wisdom is the price of happiness:  
Yet few, without long discipline, are sage,  
And our youth only lays up sighs for age.

But how, my muse, can'st thou refuse so long  
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,

Thy

Thy most inviting theme? The court affords  
Much food for Satire, it abounds in lords.

“What lords are those saluting with a grin?”  
One is just out, and one is lately in.

“How comes it, then, to pass, we see preside,

“On both their brows, an equal share of pride?”

Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro’ all,  
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.

As in its home, it triumphs in high place,

And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.

Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,

Which bloom, like Aaron’s, to their ravish’d sight;

Some lords it bids resign, and turns their wands,

Like Moses’, into serpents in their hands.

These sink, as divers, for renown! and boast

With pride inverted, of their honours lost.

But against Reason, sure, ’tis equal sin,

To boast of merely being out, or in.

What numbers, here, thro’ odd ambition, strive  
To seem the most transported things alive?

As if by joy desert was understood,

And all the fortunate were wise, or good.

Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,

And stifled groans frequent the ball, and play.

Compleatly dress’d by Monteuel, and grimace,

They take their birth-day suit, and public face;

Their smiles are only part of what they wear,

Put off at night with lady B——’s hair.

What bodily fatigue is half so bad?

With anxious care they labour to be glad.

What

What numbers, here, would into Fame advance,  
 Conscious of merit in the coxcomb's dance?  
 The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!  
 Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!  
 That wheel of fops! that Santer of the town;  
 Call it Diversion, and the pill goes down;  
 Fools grin on fools, and, Stoic-like, support,  
 Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.  
 Courts can give nothing to the wife, and good,  
 But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.  
 High stations tumults, but not bliss, create;  
 None think the great unhappy, but the great;  
 Fools gaze, and envy; Envy darts a sting,  
 Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.

I envy none their pageantry and show;  
 I envy none the gilding of their woe.  
 Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,  
 And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene.  
 No splendid poverty, no smiling care,  
 No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there;  
 There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,  
 The sense is ravish'd and the soul is blest;  
 On every thorn delightful Wisdom grows,  
 In ev'ry rill a sweet instruction flows;  
 But some, untaught, o'erhear the whisp'ring rill,  
 In spite of sacred Leisure blockheads still;  
 Nor shoots up Folly to a nobler bloom  
 In her own native soil, the Drawing-room.

The squire is proud to see his courser strain,  
 Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.

Say,

Say, dear Hippolitus (whose drink is ale,  
 Whose erudition is a Christmas-tale,  
 Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,  
 And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)  
 When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,  
 And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,  
 Is that thy praise? Let Ringwood's fame alone,  
 Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own,  
 Nor envies when a gipsy you commit,  
 And shake the clamfy bench with country wit;  
 When you the dullest of dull things have said,  
 And then ask pardon for the jest you made.

Here breathe, my muse! and then thy task renew,  
 Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.  
 Fewer lay-atheists made by church-debates;  
 Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates;  
 Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;  
 Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;  
 Fewer grave lords to Scroope discreetly bend:  
 And fewer shocks a statesman gives his friend.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,  
 Who lulls the town in Winter with his strain,  
 At Bath in Summer chants the reigning lase,  
 And sweetly whistles as the waters pass?  
 Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,  
 That runs for ages without winding-up?  
 Is there, whom his tenth Epic mounts to fame?  
 Such, and such only might exhaust my theme;  
 Nor would these heroes of the task be glad;  
 For who can write so fast as men run mad?

A PASTORAL

A

# PASTORAL BALLAD.

## IN FOUR PARTS.

These ballads of Mr. Shenstone are chiefly commended for the natural simplicity of the thoughts, and the harmony of the versification. However, they are not excellent in either.

### I. ABSENCE.

I.

**Y**E shepherds so chearful and gay,  
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;  
Should Corydon's happen to stray,  
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.  
Allow me to muse and to sigh,  
Nor talk of the change that ye find;  
None, once, was so watchful as I:  
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

II.

Now I know what it is, to have strove  
With the torture of doubt and desire;  
What it is, to admire and to love,  
And to leave her we love and admire.

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Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,  
 And the damps of each ev'ning repell;  
 Alas! I am faint and forlorn:  
 —I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

III.

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,  
 I never once dreamt of my vine;  
 May I lose both my pipe and my crook,  
 If I knew of a kid that was mine.  
 I priz'd every hour that went by,  
 Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;  
 But now they are pass'd, and I sigh;  
 And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

IV.

But why do I languish in vain?  
 Why wander thus pensively here?  
 Oh! why did I come from the plain,  
 Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?  
 They tell me, my favourite maid,  
 The pride of that valley, is flown!  
 Alas! where with her I have stray'd,  
 I could wander with pleasure, alone.

V.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,  
 What anguish I felt at my heart!  
 Yet I thought---but it might not be so---  
 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.

She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;  
 My path I could hardly discern;  
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,  
 I thought that she bade me return.

VI.

The pilgrim that journeys all day  
 To visit some far distant shrine,  
 If he bear but a relique away,  
 Is happy, nor heard to repine.  
 Thus widely remov'd from the fair,  
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,  
 Soft Hope is the relique I bear,  
 And my solace wherever I go.

H. II. HOPE

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II. HOPE.

I.

**M**Y banks they are furnish'd with bees,  
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;  
My grottoes are shaded with trees,  
And my hills are white over with sheep.  
I seldom have met with a loss,  
Such health do my fountains bestow;  
My fountains, all border'd with moss,  
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

II.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,  
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:  
Not a beech's more beautiful green,  
But a sweet-briar twines it around.  
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,  
More charms than my cattle unfold:  
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,  
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

III.

One would think she might like to retire  
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;  
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,  
But I hasted and planted it there.

O how

O how sudden the jessamin strove  
 With the lilac to render it gay!  
 Already it calls for my love,  
 To prune the wild branches away.

IV.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,  
 What strains of wild melody flow!  
 How the nightingales warble their loves,  
 From thickets of roses that blow!  
 And when her bright form shall appear,  
 Each bird shall harmoniously join  
 In a concert so soft and so clear,  
 As—she may not be fond to resign.

V.

I have found out a gift for my fair;  
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:  
 But let me that plunder forbear,  
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.  
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,  
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young:  
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard  
 Such tendernefs fall from her tongue.

VI.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold  
 How that pity was due to—a dove:  
 That it ever attended the bold,  
 And she call'd it the sister of Love.

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But her words such a pleasure convey,  
 So much I her accents adore,  
 Let her speak, and, whatever she say,  
 Methinks I should love her the more.

VII.

Can a bosom so gentle remain  
 Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs?  
 Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,  
 These plains, and this valley despise?  
 Dear regions of silence and shade!  
 Soft scenes of contentment and ease!  
 Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,  
 If aught, in her absence, could please.

VIII.

But where does my Phyllida stray?  
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs?  
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,  
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours?  
 The groves may, perhaps, be as fair,  
 And the face of the valleys as fine;  
 The swains may in manners compare,  
 But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

I.

WHY will you my passion reprove?  
 Why term it a folly to grieve?  
 Ere I shew you the charms of my love,  
 She is fairer than you can believe.  
 With her mien she enamours the brave;  
 With her wit she engages the free;  
 With her modesty pleases the grave;  
 She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

H.

O you that have been of her train,  
 Come and join in my am'rous lays;  
 I could lay down my life for the swain  
 That will sing but a song in her praise.  
 When he sings, may the nymphs of the town  
 Come trooping, and listen the while;  
 Nay, on him let not Phillida frown;  
 —But I cannot allow her to smile.

III.

For when Paridel tries in the dance  
 Any favour with Phyllis to find,  
 O how, with one trivial glance,  
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind!

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In ringlets he dresses his hair,  
And his crook is bestudded around;  
And his pipe——oh may Phyllis beware  
Of a magic there is in the sound.

IV.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;  
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,  
"How her face is as bright as the snow,  
"And her bosom, be sure, is as cold;  
"How the nightingales labour the strain,  
"With the notes of his charmer to vie;  
"How they vary their accents in vain,  
"Repine at her triumphs, and die."

V.

To the grove or the garden he strays,  
And pillages every sweet;  
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,  
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.  
"O Phyllis," he whispers, "more fair,  
"More sweet than the jessamine's flow'r!  
"What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?  
"What is eglantine after a show'r?"

VI.

"Then the lily no longer is white;  
"Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;  
"Then the violets die with despight,  
"And the woodbines give up their perfume."

Thus

Thus glide the soft numbers along,  
 And he fancies no shepherd his peer;  
 Yet I never should envy the song,  
 Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

VII.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,  
 So Phyllis the trophy despise;  
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,  
 So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.  
 The language that flows from the heart  
 Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;  
 —Yet may she be ware of his art,  
 Or sure I must envy the song.

## IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

## I.

**Y**E shepherds give ear to my lay,  
 And take no more heed of my sheep :  
 They have nothing to do but to stray ;  
 I have nothing to do but to weep.  
 Yet do not my folly reprove ;  
 She was fair——and my passion begun ;  
 She smil'd——and I could not but love ;  
 She is faithless——and I am undone.

## II.

Perhaps I was void of all thought ;  
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,  
 That a nymph so complete would be sought  
 By a swain more engaging than me.  
 Ah ! love ev'ry hope can inspire :  
 It banishes wisdom the while ;  
 And the lip of the nymph we admire  
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

## III.

She is faithless, and I am undone ;  
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,  
 Let Reason instruct you to shun  
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.

Beware

Beware how you loiter in vain  
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree :  
 It is not for me to explain  
 How fair and how fickle they be.

IV.

Alas! from the day that we met,  
 What hope of an end to my woes?  
 When I cannot endure to forget  
 The glance that undid my repose.  
 Yet time may diminish the pain :  
 The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,  
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure, in vain,  
 In time may have comfort for me.

V.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,  
 The sound of a murmuring stream,  
 The peace which from solitude flows,  
 Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.  
 High transports are shewn to the sight,  
 But we are not to find them our own ;  
 Fate never bestow'd such delight,  
 As I with my Phyllis had known.

VI.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace ;  
 To your deepest recesses I fly ;  
 I would hide with the beasts of the chase ;  
 I would vanish from every eye.

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Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove

With the same sad complaint it begun ;

How she smil'd, and I could not but love ;

Was faithless, and I am undone !

PHOEBE.

# PHOEBE. A PASTORAL.

This, by Dr. Byron, is a better effort than the preceding.

## I.

**M**Y time, O ye Muses ! was happily spent,  
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went:  
Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast:  
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest.  
But now she is gone, and has left me behind, |  
What a marvellous change, on a sudden, I find ?  
When things were as fine as cou'd possibly be,  
I thought it was Spring ; but, alas ! it was she.

## II.

The fountain, that wont to run sweetly along,  
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,  
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,  
It was pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear.  
But, now she is absent, I walk by its side,  
And, still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide:  
Must you be so chearful, whilst I go in pain ?  
Peace, there, with your bubbling, and hear me  
complain.

## III.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see  
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me ;  
And

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And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,  
 "Come hither, poor fellow;" and patted his head.  
 But, now, when he's fawning, I, with a frow look,  
 Cry, "Sirrah," and give him a blow with my crook:  
 And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray  
 Be dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

IV.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood thro',  
 The Lark, Linnet, Thrush, and Nightingale too;  
 Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,  
 And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.  
 But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,  
 The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:  
 Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,  
 Gives every thing else its agreeable sound:

V.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,  
 Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?  
 To be cur'd, thou must, Collin, thy passion remove:  
 But what swain is so silly to live without love?  
 No, Deity, bid the dear nymph to return;  
 For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.  
 Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair:  
 Take heed, all ye swains, how you love one so fair.

A S O N G.

A S O N G.

This, by Mr. Rowe, is better than any thing of the kind in our language.

I.

**D**ESPAIRING beside a clear stream,  
 A shepherd forsaken was laid;  
 And, while a false nymph was his theme,  
 A willow supported his head.  
 The wind that blew over the plain,  
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply;  
 And the brook, in return to his pain,  
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

II.

Alas! silly swain that I was;  
 (Thus sadly complaining he cry'd);  
 When first I beheld that fair face,  
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd:  
 She talk'd, and I blest'd her dear tongue;  
 When she smil'd, it was pleasure too great;  
 I listen'd, and cry'd when she sung,  
 Was nightingale ever so sweet!

III.

How foolish was I to believe  
 She could doat on so lowly a clown,  
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve  
 To forsake the fine folk of the town;

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To think that a beauty so gay,  
 So kind and so constant would prove;  
 Or go clad like our maidens in grey,  
 Or live in a cottage on love?

IV.

What though I have skill to complain,  
 Though the Muses my temples have crown'd;  
 What tho', when they hear my soft strains,  
 The virgins sit weeping around?  
 Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,  
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,  
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain,  
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

V.

All you, my companions so dear,  
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,  
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,  
 Forbear to accuse the false maid.  
 Tho' thro' the wide world I should range,  
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;  
 'Twas her's to be false and to change;  
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

VI.

If, while my hard fate I sustain,  
 In her breast any pity is found,  
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,  
 And see me laid low in the ground:

The

The last humble boon that I crave,  
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew;  
 And when she looks down on my grave,  
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

VII.

Then to her new love let her go,  
 And deck her in golden array;  
 Be finest at ev'ry fine show,  
 And frolic it all the long day:  
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,  
 No more shall be talk'd of or seen,  
 Unless when, beneath the pale moon,  
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

AN

THE LITTLE BOY

The little boy that I knew  
He made me with myself and you  
And when the lights were down on my grave  
Let him come and see the light of day

THE LITTLE BOY

There is a little boy that I know  
He made me with myself and you  
He made me with myself and you  
He made me with myself and you  
He made me with myself and you  
He made me with myself and you  
He made me with myself and you  
He made me with myself and you



A N  
E S S A Y  
O N  
P O E T R Y.

This work, by the duke of Buckingham, is enrolled among our great English productions. The precepts are sensible, the poetry not indifferent, but it has been praised more than it deserves.

**O**F all those arts in which the wise excel,  
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well :  
No writing lifts exalted man so high,  
As sacred and soul-moving poesy :  
No kind of work requires so nice a touch ;  
And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.  
But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane,  
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.  
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which, sometimes,  
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhimes ;  
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done :  
True wit is everlasting, like the sun,  
Which, tho' sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,  
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.  
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound,  
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,  
Are

Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;  
 And all in vain these superficial parts  
 Contribute to the structure of the whole,  
 Without a genius too; for that's the soul:  
 A spirit which inspires the work throughout,  
 As that of nature moves the world about;  
 A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit;  
 Ev'n something of divine, and more than wit;  
 Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,  
 Describing all men, but describ'd by none.  
 Where dost thou dwell? What caverns of the brain  
 Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?  
 When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence mourn,  
 Oh! where dost thou retire? and why dost thou return,  
 Sometimes with pow'ful charms to hurry me away,  
 From pleasures of the night, and bus'ness of the day?  
 Ev'n now, too far transported, I am fain  
 To check thy course, and use the needful rein.  
 As all is dulness, when the fancy's bad;  
 So, without judgment, fancy is but mad:  
 And judgment has a boundless influence  
 Not only in the choice of words, or sense,  
 But on the world, on manners, and on men;  
 Fancy is but the feather of the pen;  
 Reason is that substantial, useful part,  
 Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.

Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,  
 And the whole art of poetry rehearse;  
 But who that task would after Horace do?  
 The best of masters, and examples too!

Echoes at best, all we can say is vain;  
 Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.  
 'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with ease;  
 But who with that mean shift himself can please,  
 Without an actor's pride? A player's art  
 Is above his who writes a borrow'd part.  
 Yet modern laws are made for later faults,  
 And new absurdities inspire new thoughts;  
 What need has Satire, then, to live on theft,  
 When so much fresh occasion still is left?  
 Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,  
 And monsters worse than ever Nilus breeds.  
 But hold, the fools shall have no cause to fear;  
 'Tis wit and sense that is the subject here:  
 Defects of witty men deserve a cure,  
 And those who are so, will ev'n this endure.

First, then, of Songs, which now so much abound,  
 Without his song no fop is to be found;  
 A most offensive weapon, which he draws  
 On all he meets, against Apollo's laws.  
 Tho' nothing seems more easy, yet no part  
 Of poetry requires a nicer art;  
 For as in rows of richest pearl there lies  
 Many a blemish that escape our eyes,  
 The least of which defects is plainly shown  
 In one small ring, and brings the value down:  
 So Songs should be to just perfection brought;  
 Yet where can one be seen without a fault?  
 Exact propriety of words and thought;  
 Expression easy, and the fancy high;  
 Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;

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No words transpos'd, but in such order all,  
 As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall?  
 Here, as in all things else, is most unfit,  
 Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;  
 Such nauseous songs by a late author made,  
 Call an unwilling censure on his shade.  
 Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy  
 Can shock the chafest, or the nicest cloy;  
 But words obscene, too gross to move desire,  
 Like heaps of fuel, only choak the fire.  
 On other themes he well deserves our praise;  
 But palls that appetite he meant to raise.

Next, Elegy, of sweet, but solemn voice,  
 And of a subject grave, exacts the choice;  
 The praise of beauty, valour, wit contains;  
 And there too oft despairing love complains:  
 In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?  
 That Phoenix-she deserves to be belov'd;  
 But noisy nonsense, and such fops as vex  
 Mankind, take most with that fantastic sex.  
 This to the praise of those who better knew;  
 The many raise the value of the few.  
 But here (as all our sex too oft have try'd)  
 Women have drawn my wand'ring thoughts aside.  
 Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,  
 Is not defect in words, or want of wit;  
 But should this muse harmonious numbers yield,  
 And ev'ry couplet be with fancy fill'd;  
 If yet a just coherence be not made  
 Between each thought, and the whole model laid

So right, that ev'ry line may higher rise,  
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies:  
Such trifles may, perhaps, of late, have pass'd,  
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last:

'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,  
But not an Elegy, nor writ with skill,  
No Panegyric, nor a Cooper's Hill. }

A higher flight, and of a happier force,  
Are Odes: the Muses' most unruly horse,  
That bounds so fierce, the rider has no rest,  
Here foams at mouth, and moves like one possess'd.  
The poet, here, must be, indeed, inspir'd,  
With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd.

Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,  
Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;  
But, sometimes, diction mean, or verse ill-wrought,  
Deadens, or clouds, his noble frame of thought.

Tho' all appear in heat and fury done,  
The language still must soft and easy run.  
These laws may found a little too severe;  
But judgment yields and fancy governs here,  
Which, tho' extravagant, this muse allows,  
And makes the work much easier than it shows.

Of all the ways that wisest men could find  
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,  
Satire well-writ has most successful prov'd,  
And cures, because the remedy is lov'd;  
'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,  
Without repeating things said oft before:  
Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,  
That stain a beauty which we so much love.

Of chosen words some take not care enough,  
 And think they should be, as the subject, rough;  
 This poem must be more exactly made,  
 And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd.  
 Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,  
 As if their only bus'ness was to rail:  
 But human frailty nicely to unfold,  
 Distinguishes a satyr from a scold.  
 Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;  
 A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown;  
 So, while you seem to flight some rival youth,  
 Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.  
 The Laureat, here, may justly claim our praise,  
 Crown'd by Mack-Fleckno with immortal bays;  
 Yet once his Pegasus has borne dead weight,  
 Rid by some lumpish minister of state.

Here rest, my Muse, suspend thy cares awhile,  
 A more important task attends thy toil.  
 As some young eagle, that designs to fly  
 A long unwonted journey through the sky,  
 Weighs all the dang'rous enterprize before,  
 O'er what wide lands and seas she is to soar,  
 Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears  
 That lofty road of airy travellers;  
 But yet, incited by some bold design,  
 That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,  
 Prunes ev'ry feather, views herself with care,  
 At last resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air;  
 Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,  
 She lessens to us, and is lost at last:

So (tho' too weak for such a weighty thing)  
The muse inspires a sharper note to sing.  
And why should truth offend, when only told  
To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?  
On then, my Muse, advent'rously engage  
To give instructions that concern the Stage.

The unities of action, time, and place,  
Which, if observ'd, give plays so great a grace,  
Are, tho' but little practis'd, too well known  
To be taught here, where we pretend alone  
From nicer faults to purge the present age,  
Less obvious errors of the English stage.

First then, Soliloquies had need be few,  
Extremely short, and spoke in passion too.  
Our lovers talking to themselves, for want  
Of others, make the pit their confidant;  
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus  
They trust a friend, only to tell it us:  
Th' occasion should as naturally fall,  
As when Bellario confesses all.

Figures of speech, which poets think so fine,  
(Art's needless varnish to make nature shine)  
Are all but paint upon a beauteous face,  
And in descriptions only claim a place:  
But, to make rage declaim, and grief discourse,  
From lovers in despair fine things to force,  
Must needs succeed: for who can choose but pity  
A dying hero, miserably witty?  
But oh! the Dialogues, where jest and mock  
Is held up like a rest at shittle-cock!

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Or else, like bells eternally they chime,  
 They sigh in Simile, and die in Rhime.  
 What things are these who would be poets thought,  
 By nature not inspir'd, nor learning taught?  
 Some wit they have, and therefore they deserve  
 A better course than this, by which they starve:  
 But to write plays! why, 'tis a bold pretence  
 To judgement, breeding, wit, and eloquence:  
 Nay more; for they must look within, to find  
 Those secret turns of nature in the mind:  
 Without this part, in vain would be the whole,  
 And but a body all, without a soul.  
 All this united, yet but makes a part  
 Of Dialogue, that great and pow'ful art,  
 Now almost lost, which the old Grecians knew,  
 From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,  
 Scarce comprehended since, but by a few.  
 Plato and Lucian are the best remains  
 Of all the wonders which this art contains;  
 Yet to ourselves we justice must allow,  
 Shakespeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:  
 Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er;  
 Go see them play'd; then read them as before;  
 For tho' in many things they grossly fail,  
 Over our passions still they so prevail,  
 That our own grief by their's is rock'd asleep;  
 The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep.  
 Their beauties imitate, avoid their fault,  
 First, on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;  
 Turn it, with time, a thousand several ways;  
 This oft, alone, has giv'n success to plays.

Reject that vulgar error (which appears  
So fair) of making perfect characters ;  
There's no such thing in nature ; and you'll draw  
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.  
Some faults must be, that his misfortunes drew,  
But such as may deserve compassion too.  
Besides the main design compos'd with art,  
Each moving scene must be a plot apart ;  
Contrive each little turn, mark ev'ry place,  
As painters first chalk out the future face :  
Yet be not fondly your own slave for this,  
But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Think not so much where shining thoughts to place,  
As what a man would say in such a case :  
Neither in comedy will this suffice,  
The player too must be before your eyes ;  
And, tho' 'tis drudgery to stoop so low,  
To him you must your secret meaning show.

Expose no single fop, but lay the load  
More equally, and spread the folly broad ;  
Mere coxcombs are too obvious ; oft we see  
A fool derided by as bad as he :  
Hawks fly at nobler game ; in this low way,  
A very owl may prove a bird of prey.  
Small poets thus will one poor fop devour,  
But to collect, like bees, from ev'ry flow'r,  
Ingredients to compose that precious juice,  
Which serves the world for pleasure and for use,  
In spite of faction this would favour get ;  
But Falstaff stands inimitable yet.

Another fault which often may befall,  
Is, when the wit of some great poet shall  
So overflow, that is, be none at all;  
That ev'n his fools speak sense, as if possess'd,  
And each by inspiration breaks his jest.  
If once the justness of each part be lost,  
Well we may laugh, but at the poet's cost,  
That silly thing men call sheer-wit avoid,  
With which our age so nauseously is cloy'd;  
Humour is all; wit should be only brought  
To turn agreeably some proper thought.

But since the poets we of late have known,  
Shine in no dress so much as in their own,  
The better by example to convince,  
Cast but a view on this wrong side of sense.

First, a Soliloquy is calmly made,  
Where ev'ry reason is exactly weigh'd;  
Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes  
Some hero frighted at the noise of drums;  
For her sweet sake, whom at first sight he loves,  
And all in metaphor his passion proves:  
But some sad accident, tho' yet unknown,  
Parting this pair, to leave the swain alone;  
He straight grows jealous, tho' we know not why;  
Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die:  
But first he makes a speech, wherein he tells  
The absent nymph how much his flame excels;  
And yet bequeaths her generously now,  
To that lov'd rival whom he does not know!  
Who straight appears; but who can fate withstand?  
Too late, alas! to hold his hasty hand,

That just has giv'n himself the cruel stroke!  
 At which his very rival's heart is broke:  
 He, more to his new friend than mistress kind,  
 Most sadly mourns at being left behind,  
 Of such a death prefers the pleasing charms  
 To love, and living in a lady's arms.  
 What shameful and what monstrous things are these?  
 And then they rail at those they cannot please;  
 Conclude us only partial to the dead,  
 And grudge the sign of old Ben Johnson's head;  
 When the intrinsic value of the stage  
 Can scarce be judg'd but by a following age:  
 For dances, flutes, Italian songs, and rhyme,  
 May keep up sinking nonsense for a time;  
 But that must fail, which now so much o'er-rules,  
 And sense no longer will submit to fools.

By painful steps at last we labour up  
 Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top,  
 The Epick poets so divinely show,  
 And with just pride behold the rest below.  
 Heroic poems have a just pretence  
 To be the utmost stretch of human sense;  
 A work of such inestimable worth,  
 There are but two the world has yet brought forth!  
 Homer and Virgil! with what sacred awe,  
 Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!  
 Just as a changeling seems below the rest  
 Of men, or rather is a two-legg'd beast;  
 So these gigantic souls amaz'd we find  
 As much above the rest of human kind!

Nature's whole strength united ! endless fame,  
 And universal shouts attend their name !  
 Read Homer once, and you can read no more ;  
 For all books else appear so mean, so poor,  
 Verse will seem prose ; but still persist to read,  
 And Homer will be all the books you need.  
 Had Bossu never writ, the world had still,  
 Like Indians, view'd this wond'rous piece of skill ;  
 As something of divine, the work admir'd ;  
 Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd :  
 But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,  
 Has shewn where all the mighty magic lies ;  
 Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,  
 That have to such a vast proportion grown.  
 Sure, from some angel he the secret knew,  
 Who thro' this labyrinth has lent the clue !

But what, alas ! avails it poor mankind,  
 To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind ?  
 The way is shewn, but who has strength to go ?  
 Who can all sciences profoundly know ?  
 Whose fancy flies beyond weak reason's sight,  
 And yet has judgment to direct it right ?  
 Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such,  
 Never to say too little, or too much ?  
 Let such a man begin without delay ;  
 But he must do beyond what I can say !  
 Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,  
 Succeed where Spencer, and ev'n Milton fail.

# CADENUS AND VANESSA.

This is thought one of Dr. Swift's correctest pieces ;  
its chief merit, indeed, is the elegant ease with  
which a story, but ill conceived in itself, is told.

THE shepherds and the nymphs were seen  
Pleading before the Cyprian queen.

The council for the fair began,  
Accusing the false creature Man.  
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,  
On which the pleader much enlarg'd ;  
That Cupid now has lost his art,  
Or blunts the point of ev'ry dart ; —  
His altar now no longer smokes,  
His mother's aid no youth invokes :  
This tempts free-thinkers to refine,  
And bring in doubt their pow'rs divine ;  
Now love is dwindled to intrigue,  
And marriage grown a money-league.  
Which crimes aforesaid (with her leave)  
Were (as he humbly did conceive)  
Against our sovereign lady's peace,  
Against the statute in that case,  
Against her dignity and crown :  
Then pray'd an answer, and sat down.

The nymphs with scorn beheld their foes,  
When the defendant's council rose,

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And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,  
 With impudence own'd all the fact;  
 But, what the gentlest heart would vex,  
 Laid all the fault on t'other sex.  
 That modern love is no such thing,  
 As what those ancient poets sing;  
 A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,  
 Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind,  
 Which, having found an equal flame,  
 Unites, and both become the same,  
 In diff'rent breasts together burn,  
 Together both to ashes turn:  
 But women now feel no such fire,  
 And only know the gro'ss desire.  
 Their passions move in lower spheres,  
 Where-e'er caprice or folly steers.  
 A dog, a parrot, or an ape,  
 Or some worse brute in human shape,  
 Engross the fancies of the fair,  
 The few soft moments they can spare  
 From visits to receive and pay,  
 From scandal, politics, and play,  
 From fans, and flounces, and brocades,  
 From equipage and park-parades,  
 From all the thousand female toys,  
 From ev'ry trifle that employs  
 The out or inside of their heads  
 Between their toylets and their beds.  
 In a dull stream, which moving slow,  
 You hardly see the current flow,

If a small breeze obstructs the course,  
It whirls about for want of force,  
And in its narrow circle gathers  
Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers:  
The current of a female mind  
Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry wind;  
Thus whirling round, together draws  
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws.  
Hence we conclude, no women's hearts  
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts;  
Nor are the men of sense to blame,  
For breasts incapable of flame:  
The fault must on the nymphs be plac'd,  
Grown so corrupted in their taste.

The pleader, having spoke his best,  
Had witness ready to attest,  
Who fairly could on oath depose,  
When questions on the fact arose,  
That ev'ry article was true;  
Nor further those deponents knew:—  
Therefore he humbly would insist,  
The bill might be with costs dismiss.

The cause appear'd of so much weight,  
That Venus, from her judgment-seat,  
Desir'd them not to talk so loud,  
Else she must interpose a cloud:  
For, if the heav'nly folk should know  
These pleadings in the court below,  
That mortals here disdain to love,  
She ne'er could shew her face above;

For Gods, their betters, are too wise  
 To value that which men despise.  
 And then, said she, my son and I  
 Must strole in air 'twixt earth and sky;  
 Or else, shut out from heav'n and earth,  
 Fly to the sea, my place of birth;  
 There live with daggled mermaids pent,  
 And keep on fish perpetual lent.  
 But, since the case appear'd so nice,  
 She thought it best to take advice.  
 The Muses, by their king's permission,  
 Though foes to love, attend the session,  
 And on the right hand took their places  
 In order; on the left, the Graces;  
 To whom she might her doubts propose  
 On all emergencies that rose.  
 The Muses oft were seen to frown;  
 The Graces, half-asham'd, look'd down;  
 And 'twas observ'd, there were but few  
 Of either sex among the crew,  
 Whom she or her assessors knew. }  
 The goddess soon began to see,  
 Things were not ripe for a decree,  
 And said she must consult her books,  
 The Lovers' Fletas, Bractons, Cooks.  
 First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd  
 To turn to Ovid, book the second;  
 She then referr'd them to a place  
 In Virgil (vide Dido's case);  
 As for Tibullus's reports,  
 They never pass'd for law in courts:

For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,  
Still their authority was smaller.

There was on both sides much to say :  
She'd hear the cause another day ;  
And so she did, and then a third ;  
She heard it—there she kept her word :  
But with rejoinders and replies,  
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,  
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,  
The parties ne'er could issue join :  
For sixteen years the cause was spun,  
And then stood where it first begun.

Now, gentle Clio, sing or say,  
What Venus meant by this delay.  
The goddess, much perplex'd in mind  
To see her empire thus declin'd,  
When first this grand debate arose,  
Above her wisdom to compose,  
Conceiv'd a project in her head  
To work her ends ; which, if it sped,  
Wou'd shew the merits of the cause  
Far better than consulting laws.

In a glad hour Lucina's aid  
Produc'd on earth a wond'rous maid,  
On whom the queen of love was bent  
To try a new experiment.  
She threw her law-books on the shelf,  
And thus debated with herself :

“ Since men alledge, they ne'er can find  
Those beauties in a female mind,

Which raise a flame, that will endure  
 For ever uncorrupt and pure ;  
 If 'tis with reason they complain,  
 'This instant shall restore my reign.  
 I'll search where ev'ry virtue dwells,  
 From courts inclusive down to cells ;  
 What preachers talk, or sages write ;  
 These I will gather and unite,  
 And represent them to mankind  
 Collected in that infant's mind."

This said, she plucks in heav'n's high bow'rs  
 A sprig of amaranthine flow'rs,  
 In nectar thrice infuses bays,  
 Three times refin'd in Titan's rays ;  
 Then calls the Graces to her aid,  
 And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid :  
 From whence the tender skin assumes  
 A sweetness above all perfumes :  
 From whence a cleanliness remains,  
 Incapable of outward stains ;  
 From whence that decency of mind,  
 So lovely in the female kind ;  
 Where not one careless thought intrudes  
 Less modest than the speech of prudes ;  
 Where never blush was call'd in aid,  
 That spurious virtue in a maid,  
 A virtue but at second-hand ;  
 They blush, because they understand.

The Graces next would act their part,  
 And shew'd but little of their art ;

Their

Their work was half already done,  
The child with native beauty shone;  
The outward form no help requir'd:  
Each, breathing on her thrice, inspir'd  
That gentle, soft, engaging air,  
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:  
And said, "Vaneſſa be the name,  
By which you ſhall be known to fame;  
Vaneſſa, by the gods enroll'd:  
Her name on earth—ſhall not be told."

But ſtill the work was not compleat,  
When Venus thought on a deceit:  
Drawn by her doves, away ſhe flies,  
And finds out Pallas in the ſkies:  
"Dear Pallas, I have been this morn  
To ſee a lovely infant born;  
A boy in yonder iſle below,  
So like my own without his bow,  
By beauty could your heart be won,  
You'd ſwear it is Apollo's ſon:  
But it ſhall ne'er be ſaid a child  
So hopeful has by me been ſpoil'd;  
I have enough beſides to ſpare,  
And give him wholly to your care."

Wiſdom's above ſuſpecting wiles:  
The queen of learning gravely ſmiles,  
Down from Olympus comes with joy,  
Miſtakes Vaneſſa for a boy;  
Then ſows within her tender mind  
Seeds long unknown to womankind;

For

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For manly bosoms chiefly fit;  
 The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit:  
 Her soul was suddenly endu'd  
 With justice, truth, and fortitude;  
 With honour, which no breath can stain,  
 Which malice must attack in vain;  
 With open heart and bounteous hand;  
 But Pallas here was at a stand;  
 She knew in our degen'rate days  
 Bare virtue could not live on praise;—  
 That meat must be with money bought:  
 She therefore, upon second thought,  
 Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,  
 Some small regard for state and wealth;  
 Of which, as she grew up, there stay'd  
 A tincture in the prudent maid:  
 She manag'd her estate with care,  
 Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.  
 But, lest he should neglect her studies,  
 Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess  
 (For fear young master should be spoil'd)  
 Would use him like a younger child!  
 And, after long computing, found  
 'Twould come to just five thousand pound,  
 The queen of love was pleas'd, and proud,  
 To see Vanessa thus endow'd;  
 She doubted not but such a dame  
 Through ev'ry breast would dart a flame:  
 That ev'ry rich and lordly swain  
 With pride would drag about her chain;

That

That scholars would desert their books,  
To study bright Vanessa's looks;  
As she advanc'd, that womankind  
Would by her model form their mind,  
And all their conduct would be try'd  
By her, as an unerring guide;  
Offending daughters oft would hear  
Vanessa's praise rung in their ear:  
Miss Betty, when she does a fault,  
Lets fall a knife, or spills the salt,  
Will thus be by her mother chid,  
" 'Tis what Vanessa never did."

Thus by the nymphs and swains ador'd,  
My pow'r shall be again restor'd,  
And happy lovers bless my reign—  
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain,

For when, in time, the martial maid  
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,  
She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,  
And, fir'd with indignation, vows,  
To-morrow, e're the setting sun,  
She'd all undo that she had done.

But in the poets we may find,  
A wholesome law time out of mind  
Had been confirm'd by fate's decree,  
That gods, of whatfoe'er degree,  
Resume not what themselves have giv'n,  
Or any brother-god in heav'n;  
Which keeps the peace among the gods,  
Or they must always be at odds:

And

And Pallas, if she broke the laws,  
 Must yield her foe the stronger cause;  
 A shame to one so much ador'd  
 For wisdom, at Jove's council-board,  
 Besides, she fear'd the queen of love  
 Would meet with better friends above.  
 And though she must with grief reflect,  
 To see a mortal virgin deck'd  
 With graces hitherto unknown  
 To female breasts, except her own;  
 Yet she would act as best became  
 A goddess of unspotted fame.  
 She knew, by augury divine,  
 Venus would fail in her design:  
 She study'd well the point, and found  
 Her foe's conclusions were not sound,  
 From premisses erroneous brought,  
 And therefore the deduction's nought,  
 And must have contrary effects,  
 To what her treach'rous foe expects.  
 In proper season Pallas meets  
 The queen of love, whom thus she greets,  
 (For gods, we are by Homer told,  
 Can in celestial language scold)  
 " Perfidious goddess! but in vain  
 You form'd this project in your brain;  
 A project for thy talents fit,  
 With much deceit, and little wit.  
 Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,  
 Deceiv'd thyself, instead of me:

For how can heav'nly wisdom prove  
 An instrument to earthly love?  
 Know'st thou not yet, that men commence  
 Thy votaries for want of sense?  
 Nor shall Vanessa be the theme  
 To manage thy abortive scheme:  
 She'll prove the greatest of thy foes;  
 And yet I scorn to interpose,  
 But using neither skill, nor force,  
 Leave all things to their nat'ral course."

The goddess thus pronounc'd her doom:  
 When, lo! Vanessa in her bloom  
 Advanc'd, like Atalanta's star,  
 But rarely seen, and seen from far;  
 In a new world with caution stept,  
 Watch'd all the company she kept,  
 Well knowing, from the books she read,  
 What dangerous paths young virgins tread:  
 Would seldom at the park appear,  
 Nor saw the playhouse twice a year;  
 Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd  
 To know the converse of mankind.

First issu'd from perfumers shops  
 A croud of fashionable fops:  
 They ask'd her, how she lik'd the play?  
 Then told the tattle of the day;  
 A duel fought last night at two,  
 About a lady—You know who;  
 Mention'd a new Italian, come  
 Either from Muscovy or Rome;

Gave

Gave hints of who and who's together :  
 Then fell to talking of the weather :  
 Last night was so extremely fine,  
 The ladies walk'd till after nine.  
 Then in soft voice, and speech absurd,  
 With nonsense ev'ry second word,  
 With fustian from exploded plays,  
 They celebrate her beauty's praise ;  
 Run o'er their cant of stupid lyes,  
 And tell the murders of her eyes.

With silent scorn Vanessa sat,  
 Scarce list'ning to their idle chat ;  
 Further than sometimes with a frown,  
 When they grew pert, to pull them down.  
 At last she spitefully was bent  
 To try their wisdom's full extent ;  
 And said, she valu'd nothing less  
 Than titles, figure, shape, and dress ;  
 That merit should be chiefly plac'd  
 In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste ;  
 And these, she offer'd to dispute,  
 Alone distinguish'd man from brute :  
 That present times have no pretence  
 To virtue, in the noble sense  
 By Greeks and Romans understood  
 To perish for our country's good.  
 She nam'd the ancient heroes round,  
 Explain'd for what they were renown'd ;  
 Then spoke with censure, or applause,  
 Of foreign customs, rites, and laws ;

Thro'

Thro' nature and thro' art she rang'd,  
 And gracefully her subject chang'd:  
 In vain : her hearers had no share  
 In all she spoke, except to stare.  
 Their judgment was upon the whole,  
 —That lady is the dullest soul—  
 Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,  
 As who should say—she wants it here;  
 She may be handsome, young, and rich,  
 But none will burn her for a witch.

A party next of glitt'ring dames,  
 From round the purlieus of St. James,  
 Came early, out of pure good-will,  
 To see the girl in deshabille.  
 Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,  
 Grew louder all the way up stairs;  
 At entrance loudest; where they found  
 The room with volumes litter'd round.  
 Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,  
 Whilst Mrs. Susan comb'd her head:  
 They call'd for tea and chocolate,  
 And fell into their usual chat,  
 Discourfing, with important face,  
 On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace;  
 Shew'd patterns just from India brought,  
 And gravely ask'd her what she thought;  
 Whether the red or green were best,  
 And what they cost? Vanessa guess'd,  
 As came into her fancy first;  
 Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst.

To

To scandal next—What awkward thing  
 Was that last Sunday in the ring?  
 I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast;  
 I said her face would never last.  
 Corinna, with that youthful air,  
 Is thirty, and a bit to spare:  
 Her fondness for a certain earl  
 Began, when I was but a girl.  
 Phillis, who but a month ago  
 Was marry'd to the Tunbridge beau,  
 I saw coquetting t'other night  
 In public with that odious knight.

They rally'd next Vanessa's dress:  
 That gown was made for old queen Bess.  
 Dear madam, let me see your head:  
 Don't you intend to put on red?  
 A petticoat without a hoop!  
 Sure, you are not ashamed to stoop;  
 With handsome garters at your knees,  
 No matter what a fellow sees.

Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,  
 Both of herself and sex ashamed,  
 The nymph stood silent out of spight,  
 Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.  
 Away the fair detractors went,  
 And gave by turns their censures vent.  
 She's not so handsome in my eyes:  
 For wit, I wonder where it lies.  
 She's fair and clean, and that's the most:  
 But why proclaim her for a toast?

A baby

A baby face, no life, no airs,  
 But what she learnt at country fairs;  
 Scarce knows what diff'rence is between  
 Rich Flanders lace, and Colberteen.  
 I'll undertake, my little Nancy  
 In flounces hath a better fancy.  
 With all her wit, I would not ask  
 Her judgment how to buy a mask.  
 We begg'd her but to patch her face;  
 She never hit one proper place;  
 Which ev'ry girl at five years old  
 Can do, as soon as she is told.  
 I own, that out-of-fashion stuff  
 Becomes the Creature well enough.  
 The girl might pass, if we could get her  
 To know the world a little better.  
 ("To know the world!" a modern phrase  
 For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)  
 Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,  
 The queen of Beauty lost her aim.  
 Too late, with grief she understood,  
 Pallas had done more harm than good:  
 For great examples are but vain,  
 Where ignorance begets disdain,  
 Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,  
 Against Vanessa's pow'r unite:  
 To copy her few nymphs aspir'd;  
 Her virtues fewer swains admir'd:  
 So stars beyond a certain height  
 Give mortals neither heat nor light.

Yet

Yet some of either sex, endow'd  
 With gifts superior to the crowd,  
 With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit,  
 She condescended to admit.  
 With pleasing arts she could reduce  
 Men's talents to their proper use;  
 And with address each genius held  
 To that, wherein it most excell'd;  
 Thus making others wisdom known,  
 Could please them, and improve her own.  
 A modest youth said something new;  
 She plac'd it in the strongest view.  
 All humble worth she strove to raise;  
 Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.  
 The learned met with free approach,  
 Although they came not in a coach:  
 Some clergy too she would allow,  
 Nor quarrel'd at their awkward bow.  
 But this was for Cadenus' sake,  
 A gownman of a diff'rent make;  
 Whom Pallas, once Vanessa's tutor,  
 Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.

But Cupid, full of mischief, longs  
 To vindicate his mother's wrongs.  
 On Pallas all attempts are vain:  
 One way he knows to give her pain;  
 Vows on Vanessa's heart to take  
 Due vengeance, for her patron's sake.  
 Those early seeds by Venus sown,  
 In spite of Pallas, now were grown;

And Cupid hop'd, they would improve  
By time, and ripen into love.  
The boy made use of all his craft,  
In vain discharging many a shaft,  
Pointed at col'nels, lords, and beaux:  
Cadenus warded off the blows;  
For, placing still some books betwixt  
The darts were in the cover fix'd,  
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,  
On Plutarch's *Morals* struck, were spoil'd.

The queen of Wisdom could foresee,  
But not prevent the fate's decree:  
And human caution tries in vain  
To break that adamant chain.  
Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,  
By Love invulnerable thought,  
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,  
Was, in the very search, betray'd.

Cupid, though all his darts were lost,  
Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost:  
He could not answer to his fame  
The triumphs of that stubborn dame,  
A nymph so hard to be subdu'd,  
Who neither was coquette nor prude.  
I find, said he, she wants a doctor,  
Both to adore her, and instruct her;  
I'll give her what she most admires;  
Among these venerable fires  
Cadenus is a subject fit,  
Grown old in politics and wit,

Care's'd

192 THE BEAUTIES OF

Carefs'd by ministers of state,  
Of half mankind the dread and hate:  
Whate'er vexations love attend,  
She need no rivals apprehend.  
Her sex, with universal voice,  
Must laugh at her capricious choice.

Cadenus many things had writ:  
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,  
And call'd for his poetic works:  
Mean time the boy in secret lurks,  
And, while the book was in her hand,  
The urchin from his private stand  
Took aim, and shot with all his strength  
A dart of such prodigious length,  
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,  
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.  
Some lines, more moving than the rest,  
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,  
And, borne directly to the heart,  
With pains unknown increas'd her smart.

Vanessa, not of years a score,  
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;  
Imaginary charms can find  
In eyes with reading almost blind:  
Cadenus now no more appears  
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years,  
She fancies music in his tongue,  
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.  
What mariner is not afraid  
To venture in a ship decay'd?

What

What planter will attempt to yoke  
 A sapling with a falling oak?  
 As years increafe, ſhe brighter ſhines;  
 Cadenus with each day declines;  
 And he muſt fall a prey to time,  
 While ſhe continues in her prime.  
 Cadenus, common forms apart,  
 In ev'ry ſcene had kept his heart;  
 Had ſigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ  
 For paſtime, or to ſhew his wit.  
 But time, and books, and ſtate-affairs,  
 Had ſpoil'd his fashionable airs:  
 He now could praiſe, eſteem, approve,  
 But underſtood not what was love.  
 His conduct might have made him ſtil'd  
 A father, and the nymph his child.  
 That innocent delight he took  
 To ſee the virgin mind her book,  
 Was but the maſter's ſecret joy  
 In ſchool to hear the fineſt boy.  
 Her knowledge with her fancy grew;  
 She hourly prefs'd for ſomething new;  
 Ideas came into her mind  
 So faſt, his leſſons lagg'd behind;  
 She reaſon'd without plodding long,  
 Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.  
 But now a ſudden change was wrought;  
 She minds no longer what he taught.  
 Cadenus was amaz'd to find  
 Such marks of a diſtracted mind:

For, though she seem'd to listen more  
 To all he spoke, than e'er before,  
 He found her thoughts would absent range,  
 Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.  
 And first he modestly conjectures  
 His pupil might be tir'd with lectures ;  
 Which help'd to mortify his pride,  
 Yet gave him not the heart to chide :  
 But, in a mild dejected strain,  
 At last he ventur'd to complain ;  
 Said, she shou'd be no longer teaz'd ;  
 Might have her freedom when she pleas'd ;  
 Was now convinc'd he acted wrong  
 To hide her from the world so long,  
 And in dull studies to engage  
 One of her tender sex and age ;  
 That ev'ry nymph with envy own'd,  
 How she might shine in the Grande-monde,  
 And ev'ry shepherd was undone  
 To see her cloister'd like a nun.  
 This was a visionary scheme :  
 He wak'd, and found it but a dream ;  
 A project far above his skill ;  
 For nature must be nature still.  
 If he was bolder than became  
 A scholar to a courtly dame,  
 She might excuse a man of letters ;  
 Thus tutors often treat their betters ;  
 And, since his talk offensive grew,  
 He came to take his last adieu.

Vanessa,

Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,  
 Would still her dignity maintain,  
 Instructed from her early years  
 To scorn the art of female tears.  
 Had he employ'd his time so long  
 To teach her what was right and wrong,  
 Yet could such notions entertain,  
 That all his lectures were in vain?  
 She own'd the wandering of her thoughts;  
 But he must answer for her faults.  
 She well remember'd, to her cost,  
 That all his lessons were not lost.  
 Two maxims she could still produce,  
 And sad experience taught their use:  
 That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,  
 Knows nothing which it dares not own,  
 Can make us without fear disclose  
 Our inmost secrets to our foes;  
 That common forms were not design'd  
 Directors to a noble mind.  
 Now, said the nymph, I'll let you see  
 My actions with your rules agree;  
 That I can vulgar forms despise,  
 And have no secrets to disguise.  
 I knew, by what you said and writ,  
 How dang'rous things were men of wit;  
 You cautioned me against their charms,  
 But never gave me equal arms;  
 Your lessons found the weakest part;  
 Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.

Cadenus felt within him rise  
 Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.  
 He knew not how to reconcile  
 Such language with her usual stile:  
 And yet her words were so exprest,  
 He could not hope she spoke in jest.  
 His thoughts had wholly been confin'd  
 To form and cultivate her mind.  
 He hardly knew, till he was told,  
 Whether the nymph were young or old;  
 Had met her in a public place  
 Without distinguishing her face:  
 Much less could his declining age  
 Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;  
 And, if her youth indiff'rence met,  
 His person must contempt beget:  
 Or, grant her passion be sincere,  
 How shall his innocence be clear?  
 Appearances were all so strong,  
 The world must think him in the wrong;  
 Would say, he made a treach'rous use  
 Of wit, to flatter and seduce:  
 The town would swear he had betray'd,  
 By magic spells, the harmless maid:  
 And ev'ry beau would have his jokes,  
 That scholars were like other folks;  
 That, when Platonic flights were over,  
 The tutor turn'd a mortal lover.  
 So tender of the young and fair!  
 It shew'd a true paternal care——

Five thousand guineas in her purse !  
The doctor might have fancy'd worse. —

Hardly, at length, he silence broke,  
And faulter'd ev'ry word he spoke ;  
Interpreting her complaisance,  
Just as a man fans consequence.  
She rally'd well, he always knew :  
Her manner now was something new ;  
And what she spoke was in an air  
As serious as a tragic player.  
But those who aim at ridicule  
Should fix upon some certain rule,  
Which fairly hints they are in jest,  
Else he must enter his protest :  
For, let a man be ne'er so wise,  
He may be caught with sober lyes ;  
A science which he never taught,  
And, to be free, was dearly bought ;  
For, take it in its proper light,  
'Tis just what coxcombs call a Bite.

But, not to dwell on things minute,  
Vanessa finish'd the dispute,  
Brought weighty arguments to prove  
That reason was her guide in love.  
She thought he had himself describ'd,  
His doctrines, when she first imbib'd :  
What he had planted, now was grown ;  
His virtues she might call her own ;  
As he approves, as he dislikes,  
Love or contempt her fancy strikes.

Self-love, in nature rooted fast,  
 Attends us first, and leaves us last:  
 Why she likes him, admire not her;  
 She loves herself, and that's the matter.  
 How was her tutor want to praise  
 The genius's of ancient days!  
 (Those authors he so oft had nam'd,  
 For learning, wit, and wisdom fam'd)  
 Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,  
 For persons whom he never saw.  
 Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,  
 He must adore such god-like men.  
 If one short volume could comprize  
 All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,  
 How would it be esteem'd, and read,  
 Although the writer long were dead!  
 If such an author were alive,  
 How all would for his friendship strive,  
 And come in crowds to see his face!  
 And this she takes to be her case.  
 Cadenus answers ev'ry end,  
 The book, the author, and the friend:  
 The utmost her desires will reach,  
 Is but to learn what he can teach:  
 His converse is a system fit  
 Alone to fill up all her wit;  
 While ev'ry passion of her mind  
 In him is center'd and confin'd.

Love can with speech inspire a mute,  
 And taught Vanessa to dispute.

This topic, never touch'd before,  
 Display'd her eloquence the more :  
 Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd,  
 By this new passion grew inspir'd :  
 Through this she made all objects pass,  
 Which gave a tincture o'er the mass ;  
 As rivers, though they bend and twine,  
 Still to the sea their course incline ;  
 Or, as philosophers, who find  
 Some fav'rite system to their mind,  
 In ev'ry point to make it fit,  
 Will force all nature to submit.

Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect  
 His lessons would have such effect,  
 Or be so artfully apply'd,  
 Insensibly came on her side.  
 It was an unforeseen event ;  
 Things took a turn he never meant.  
 Whoe'er excels in what we prize  
 Appears a hero in our eyes :  
 Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,  
 Will have the teacher in her thought.  
 The nymph in sober words intreats  
 A truce with all sublime conceits :  
 For why such raptures, flights and fancies,  
 To her who durst not read romances ?  
 In lofty style to make replies,  
 Which he had taught her to despise.  
 But when her tutor will affect  
 Devotion, duty, and respect,

He fairly abdicates his throne ;  
 The government is now her own :  
 But, though her arguments were strong,  
 At least could hardly wish them wrong.  
 Howe'er it came, he could not tell,  
 But sure she never talk'd so well.  
 His pride began to interpose ;  
 Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux !  
 So bright a nymph to come unsought !  
 Such wonder by his merit wrought !  
 'Tis merit must with her prevail :  
 He never knew her judgment fail.  
 She noted all she ever read,  
 And had a most discerning head.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,  
 That vanity's the food of fools :  
 Yet now and then your men of wit  
 Will condescend to take a bit.

So, when Cadenus could not hide,  
 He chose to justify, his pride ;  
 When miss delights in her spinnet,  
 A fiddler may a fortune get ;  
 A blockhead, with melodious voice,  
 In boarding-schools can have his choice :  
 And oft' the dancing-master's art  
 Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.  
 In learning let a nymph delight,  
 The pedant gets a mistress by't.  
 Cadenus, to his grief and shame,  
 Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame ;

Where

Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet  
In all their equipages meet;  
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,  
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;  
Wherein his dignity and age  
Forbid Cadenus to engage.  
But friendship, in its greatest height,  
A constant, rational delight,  
On virtue's basis fix'd to last,  
When love's allurements long are past,  
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,  
He gladly offers in return;  
His want of passion will redeem  
With gratitude, respect, esteem;  
With that devotion we bestow,  
When Goddesses appear below.

While thus Cadenus entertains  
Vanessa in exalted strains,  
Constr'ing the passion she had shown,  
Much to her praise, more to his own,  
Nature in him had merit plac'd,  
In her a most judicious taste.  
Love, hitherto a transient guest,  
Ne'er held possession in his breast;  
So long attending at the gate,  
Disdain'd to enter in so late.  
Love why do we one passion call,  
When 'tis a compound of them all?  
He has a forfeiture incurr'd;  
She vows to take him at his word,

And hopes he will not think it strange,  
 If both should now their stations change.  
 The nymph will have her turn to be  
 The tutor; and the pupil, he;  
 Though she already can discern,  
 Her scholar is not apt to learn;  
 Or wants capacity to reach  
 The science she designs to teach;  
 Wherein his genius was below  
 The skill of ev'ry common beau;  
 Who, though he cannot spell, is wise  
 Enough to read a lady's eyes,  
 And will each accidental glance  
 Interpret for a kind advance.  
 But what success Vanessa met,  
 Is to the world a secret yet.  
 Whether the nymph, to please her swain,  
 Talks in a high romantic strain;  
 Or whether he at last descends  
 To like with less seraphic ends;  
 Or, to compound the bus'ness, whether  
 They temper love and books together;  
 Must never to mankind be told,  
 Nor shall the conscious muse unfold.

Mean time the mournful queen of love  
 Led but a weary life above.  
 She ventures now to leave the skies,  
 Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise:  
 For, though by one perverse event  
 Pallas had cross'd her first intent,

Though her design was not obtain'd,  
 Yet had she much experience gain'd,  
 And by the project vainly try'd  
 Could better now the cause decide.  
 She gave due notice, that both parties  
*Coram regina prox' die Martis*  
 Should at their peril without fail  
 Come and appear, and save their bail.  
 All met; and, silence thrice proclaim'd,  
 One lawyer to each side was nam'd.  
 The judge discover'd in her face  
 Resentments for her late disgrace;  
 And, full of anger, shame, and grief,  
 Directed them to mind their brief;  
 Nor spend their time to shew their reading;  
 She'd have a summary proceeding.  
 She gather'd under ev'ry head  
 The sum of what each lawyer said,  
 Gave her own reasons last, and then  
 Decreed the cause against the men.

But, in a weighty case like this  
 To show she did not judge amiss,  
 Which evil tongues might else report,  
 She made a speech in open court;  
 Wherein she grievously complains,  
 "How she was cheated by the swains;  
 On whose petition (humbly shewing  
 That women were not worth the wooing,  
 And that, unless the sex would mend,  
 The race of lovers soon must end)

" She was at lord knows what expence  
 To form a nymph of wit and sense,  
 A model for her sex design'd,  
 Who never could one lover find.  
 She saw, her favour was misplac'd ;  
 The fellows had a wretched taste ;  
 She needs must tell them to their face,  
 They were a senseless, stupid race ;  
 And, were she to begin agen,  
 She'd study to reform the men ;  
 Or add some grains of folly more  
 To women, than they had before,  
 To put them on an equal foot ;  
 And this, or nothing else, would do't.  
 This might their mutual fancy strike ;  
 Since ev'ry being loves its like.

But now, repenting what was done,  
 She left all bus'ness to her son ;  
 She puts the world in his possession,  
 And let him use it at discretion."

The cry'r was order'd to dismiss  
 The court, so made his last O yes !  
 The Goddess would no longer wait ;  
 But, rising from her chair of state,  
 Left all below at six and sev'n,  
 Harness'd her doves, and flew to heav'n.

A L M A:

OR THE

PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

Πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα νόσις, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδὲν  
Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων εἰς τὰ γιγνόμενα.

Incert. ad Stobæum.

What Prior meant by this poem I can't understand:  
by the Greek motto to it one would think it was  
either to laugh at the subject or his reader.  
There are some parts of it very fine; and let them  
save the badness of the rest.

C A N T O I.

**M**ATTHEW met Richard, when or where  
From story is not mighty clear:  
Of many knotty points they spoke;  
And pro and con by turns they took.  
Rats half the manuscript have eat:  
Dire hunger! which we still regret:  
O! may they ne'er again digest  
The horrors of so sad a feast.  
Yet less our grief, if what remains,  
Dear Jacob, by thy care and pains  
Shall be to future times convey'd,  
It thus begins:

\*\*\*\* Here Matthew said:

Alma in verse ; in prose, the Mind,  
 By Aristotle's pen defin'd,  
 Throughout the body squat or tall,  
 Is, bona fide, all in all.  
 And yet, flap dash, is all again  
 In ev'ry finew, nerve, and vein :  
 Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghost :  
 While every where she rules the roast.

This system, Richard, we are told,  
 The men of Oxford firmly hold.  
 The Cambridge wits, you know, deny  
 With ipse dixit to comply.  
 They say (for in good truth they speak  
 With small respect of that old Greek)  
 That, putting all his words together,  
 'Tis three blue beans, one blue bladder.

Alma, they strenuously maintain,  
 Sits cock-horse on her throne the brain ;  
 And from that seat of thought dispenses  
 Her sov'reign pleasure to the senses.  
 Two optic nerves, they say, she tyes,  
 Like spectacles, a-cross the eyes ;  
 By which the spirits bring her word,  
 Whene'er the balls are fix'd or stirr'd ;  
 How quick at park and play they strike ;  
 The duke they court ; the toast they like ;  
 And at St. James's turn their grace  
 From former friends, now out of place.

Without these aids, to be more serious,  
 Her pow'r, they hold, had been precarious :

The

The eyes might have conspir'd her ruin :  
And she not known what they were doing.  
Foolish it had been, and unkind,  
That they should see, and she be blind.

Wise nature likewise, they suppose  
Has drawn two conduits down our nose :  
Could Alma else with judgment tell,  
When cabbage stinks, or roses smell ?  
Or who would ask for her opinion  
Between an oyster and an onion ?  
For from most bodies, Dick, you know,  
Some little bits ask leave to flow ;  
And, as thro' these canals they roll,  
Bring up a sample of the whole ;  
Like footmen running before coaches,  
To tell the inn what lord approaches.

By nerves about our palate plac'd,  
She likewise judges of the taste.  
Else (dismal thought !) our warlike men  
Might drink thick Port for fine Champagne ;  
And our ill-judging wives and daughters  
Mistake small beer for Citron-waters.

Hence too, that she might better hear,  
She sets a drum at either ear ;  
And loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,  
Are but the alarms which they beat.

Last, to enjoy her sense of feeling  
(A thing she much delights to deal in)  
A thousand little nerves she sends  
Quite to our toes, and fingers' ends ;

And

And these in gratitude again  
 Return their spirits to the brain;  
 In which their figure being printed  
 (As just before I think I hinted)  
 Alma inform'd can try the case,  
 As she had been upon the place.

Thus, while the judge gives diff'rent journeys  
 To country counsel, and attornies,  
 He on the bench in quiet sits,  
 Deciding, as they bring the writs.  
 The Pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,  
 And very seldom stirs from home:  
 Yet sending forth his holy spies,  
 And having heard what they advise,  
 He rules the church's blest dominions,  
 And sets men's faith by his opinions.

The scholars of the Stagyrice,  
 Who for the old opinion fight,  
 Would make their modern friends confess,  
 The diff'rence but from more to less.  
 The Mind, say they, while you sustain  
 To hold her station in the brain;  
 You grant, at least, she is extended:  
 Ergo, the whole dispute is ended.  
 For till to-morrow should you plead  
 From form and structure of the head;  
 The mind as visibly is seen  
 Extended thro' the whole Machine.  
 Why should all honour then be ta'en  
 From lower parts, to load the brain:

When

When other limbs we plainly see  
 Each in his way, as brisk as he ?  
 For music, grant the head receive it ;  
 It is the artist's hand that gave it.  
 And though the skull may wear the laurel ;  
 The soldier's arm maintains the quarrel.  
 Besides, the nostrils, ears and eyes  
 Are not his parts, but his allies.  
 Ev'n what you hear the tongue proclaim,  
 Comes, ab origine, from them.  
 What could the head perform alone,  
 If all their friendly aids were gone ?  
 A foolish figure he must make ;  
 Do nothing else, but sleep and ake.  
 Nor matters it, that you can show,  
 How to the head the spirits go.  
 Those spirits started from some goal,  
 Before they thro' the veins could roll.  
 Now we should hold them much to blame,  
 If they went back, before they came.  
 If, therefore, as we must suppose,  
 They came from fingers, and from toes ;  
 Or toes, or fingers, in this case,  
 Of Num-scul's self should take the place.  
 Disputing fair, you grant thus much,  
 That all sensation is but touch.  
 Dip but your toes into cold water,  
 Their correspondent teeth will chatter ;  
 And strike the bottom of your feet,  
 You set your head into a heat.

The

The bully beat, and happy lover,  
Confess, that feeling lies all over.

Note here, Lucretius dares to teach  
(As all our youth may learn from Creech)  
That eyes were made, but could not view ;  
Nor hands embrace, nor feet pursue :  
But heedless nature did produce  
The members first, and then the use.  
What each must act was yet unknown ;  
Till all is mov'd by chance alone.

A man first builds a country seat ;  
Then finds the walls not good to eat.  
Another plants, and wond'ring sees  
Nor books, nor medals on his trees.  
Yet poet and philosopher  
Was he, who durst such whims aver.  
Blest, for his sake, be human reason,  
That came at all, tho' late, in season.

But no man, sure, e'er left his house,  
And saddled Ball with thoughts so wild,  
To bring a midwife to his spouse,  
Before he knew she was with child.

And no man ever reapt his corn,  
Or from the oven drew his bread,  
Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,  
That taught them both to sow and knead.

Before they're ask'd, can maids refuse ?  
Can——Pray, says Dick hold in your muse ;  
While you Pindaric truths rehearse,  
She hobbles in alternate verse.

Verse?

Verse? Mat. reply'd, is that my care?

Go on, quoth Richard; soft and fair.

This looks, friend Dick, as nature had

But exercis'd the Salesman's trade;

As if she haply had sat down,

And cut out cloaths for half the town:

Then sent them out to Monmouth-street,

To try what persons they would fit.

But ev'ry free and licens'd taylor

Would in this Thesis find a failure.

Should whims like these his head perplex,

How could he work for either sex?

His cloaths, as atoms might prevail,

Might fit a pismire, or a whale.

No, no: he views, with studious pleasure,

Your shape, before he takes your measure.

For real Kate he made the boddice,

And not for an ideal goddess.

No error near his shop-board lurk'd:

He knew the folks for whom he work'd.

Still to their size he aim'd his skill:

Else, pr'ythee, who would pay his bill?

Next, Dick, if Chance herself should vary;

Observe how matters would miscarry:

Across your eyes, friend, place your shoes;

Your spectacles upon your toes;

Then you and Memmius shall agree,

How nicely men would walk, or see.

But Wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,

Must be oppos'd, to be sustain'd.

And

And still your knowledge will increase,  
 As you make other people's less.  
 In arms and science 'tis the same:  
 Our rival's hurts create our fame.  
 At Faubert's, if disputes arise  
 Among the champions for the prize;  
 To prove who gave the fairer butt,  
 John shews the chalks on Robert's coat.  
 So, for the honour of your book,  
 It tells, where other folks mistook:  
 And, as their notions you confound,  
 Those you invent get farther ground.

The commentators on old Ari-  
 stotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary:  
 They to their own conceits have brought  
 The image of his gen'ral thought;  
 Just as the melancholy eye  
 Sees fleets and armies in the sky;  
 And, to the poor apprentice ear,  
 The bell sounds Whittington lord-May'r.  
 The conj'rer thus explains his scheme;  
 Thus spirits walk, and prophets dream.  
 North Britons, thus have second fight;  
 And Germans, free from gunshot, fight.

Theodoret, and Origen,  
 And fifty other learned men,  
 Attest, that if their comments find  
 The traces of their master's mind;  
 Alma can ne'er decay or die:  
 This flatly t'other sect deny,

Simplicius,

Simplicius, Theophrast; Durand;  
Great names, but hard in verse to stand.  
They wonder men should have mistook  
The tenets of their master's book;  
And hold, that Alma yields her breath,  
O'ercome by age, and seiz'd by death.  
Now which were wise? and which were fools?  
Poor Alma sits between two stools:  
The more she reads, the more perplex;  
The comment ruining the text:  
Now fears, now hopes her doubtful fate:  
But, Richard, let her look to that——  
Whilst we our own affairs pursue.

These diff'rent systems, old or new,  
A man with half an eye may see  
Were only form'd to disagree.  
Now, to bring things to fair conclusion,  
And save much Christian ink's effusion;  
Let me propose an healing scheme,  
And sail along the middle stream:

For, Dick, if we could reconcile  
Old Aristotle with Gassendus?

How many would admire our toil?  
And yet how few would comprehend us?

Here, Richard, let my scheme commence:  
Oh! may my words be lost in sense;  
While pleas'd Thalia deigns to write  
The slips and bounds of Alma's flight.

My simple system shall suppose,  
That Alma enters at the toes;

That

That then she mounts by just degrees  
 Up to the ancles, legs, and knees:  
 Next, as the sap of life does rise,  
 She lends her vigor to the thighs;  
 And, all these under-regions past,  
 She nestles somewhere near the waist;  
 Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter,  
 As we shall shew at large hereafter.  
 Mature, if not improv'd by time,  
 Up to the heart she loves to climb:  
 From thence, compell'd by craft and age,  
 She makes the head her latest stage.

From the feet upward to the head;  
 Pithy, and short, says Dick; proceed.

Dick, this is not an idle notion:  
 Observe the progress of the motion:  
 First I demonstratively prove,  
 That feet were only made to move;  
 And legs desire to come and go:  
 For they have nothing else to do.

Hence, long before the child can crawl,  
 He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl:  
 To hinder which, your midwife knows  
 To bind those parts extremely close;  
 Lest Alma newly enter'd in,  
 And stunn'd at her own christ'ning's din,  
 Fearful of future grief and pain,  
 Should silently sneak out again.  
 Full piteous seems young Alma's case:  
 As in a luckless gamester's place,  
 She would not play, yet must not pass.

Again, as she grows something stronger,  
And master's feet are swath'd no longer,  
If in the night too oft he kicks,  
Or shows his Loco-motive tricks;  
These first assaults fat Kate repays him,  
When, half asleep, she overlays him.

Now mark, dear Richard, from the age  
That children tread this wordly stage,  
Broom-staff or poker they bestride,  
And round the parlor love to ride;  
Till thoughtful father's pious care  
Provides his brood, next Smithfield fair,  
With supplemental hobby-horses:  
And happy be their infant courses!

Hence for some years they ne'er stand still:  
Their legs, you see, direct their will;  
From opening morn till setting sun,  
Around the fields and woods they run:  
They frisk, and dance, and leap, and play;  
Nor heed what Friend or Snape can say.

To her next stage as Alma flies,  
And likes, as I have said, the thighs.  
With sympathetic power she warms  
Their good allies and friends, the arms;  
While Betty dances on the green,  
And Susan is at school-ball seen:  
While John for nine-pins does declare;  
And Roger loves to pitch the bar;  
Both legs and arms spontaneous move:  
Which was the thing I meant to prove.

Another

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Another motion now she makes :  
 O need I name the feat she takes ?  
 His thought quite chang'd the stripling finds ;  
 The sport and race no more he minds ;  
 Neglected Tray and Pointer lie,  
 And covies unmolested fly.  
 Sudden the jocund plain he leaves ;  
 And for the nymph in secret grieves.  
 In dying accents he complains  
 Of cruel fires, and raging pains.  
 The nymph too longs to be alone ;  
 Leaves all the swains, and sighs for one.  
 The nymph is warm'd with young desire ;  
 And feels, and dies to quench his fire.  
 They meet each evening in the grove :  
 Their parley but augments their love ;  
 So to the priest their case they tell :  
 He ties the knot ; and all goes well.  
 But, O my Muse, just distance keep ;  
 Thou art a maid, and must not peep.  
 In nine months time the boddice loose,  
 And petticoats too short, disclose  
 That at this age the active mind  
 About the waist lies most confin'd ;  
 And that young life, and quick'ning sense  
 Spring from his influence darted thence.  
 So from the middle of the world  
 The Sun's prolific rays are hurl'd :  
 'Tis from that seat he darts those beams  
 Which quicken earth with genial flames.

Dick,

Dick, who thus long had passive sat,  
 Here stroak'd his chin, and cock'd his hat;  
 Then flapp'd his hand upon the board,  
 And thus the youth put in his word:  
 Love's advocates, sweet fir, would find him  
 A higher place than you assign'd him.  
 Love's advocates, Dick, who are those?—  
 The poets, you may well suppose.  
 I'm sorry, fir, you have discarded  
 The men, with whom till now you herded,  
 Prose-men alone for private ends,  
 I thought forsook their ancient friends.  
 "In cor stillavit," cries Lucretius;  
 If he may be allowed to teach us.  
 The self-same thing soft Ovid says,  
 (A proper judge in such a case.)  
 Horace, his phrase is, "torret jecur;"  
 And happy was that curious speaker.  
 Here Virgil too has plac'd this passion:  
 What signifies too long quotation?  
 In Ode and Epic plain the case is,  
 That love holds one of these two places,  
 Dick, without passion or reflection,  
 I'll straight demolish this objection.  
 First, poets, all the world agrees,  
 Write half to profit, half to please.  
 Matter and figure they produce;  
 For garnish this, and that for use;  
 And, in the structure of their feasts,  
 They seek to feed, and please their guests:

But one may balk this good intent,  
 And take things otherwise than meant.  
 Thus, if you dine with my lord-may'r,  
 Roast-beef, and ven'son, is your fare;  
 Thence you proceed to swan and bustard,  
 And persevere in tart, and custard:  
 But Tulip-leaves, and Lemon-peel,  
 Help only to adorn the meal:  
 And painted flags, superb and neat,  
 Proclaim you welcome to the treat.  
 The man of sense his meat devours;  
 But only smells the peel and flow'rs;  
 And he must be an idle dreamer,  
 Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the streamer.

That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,  
 And Venus keeps her coach and sparrows,  
 Is all but emblem to acquaint one,  
 The son is sharp, the mother wanton.  
 Such images have sometimes shown  
 A mystic sense, but oftner none,  
 For who conceives, what bards devise,  
 That Heav'n is plac'd in Celia's eyes,  
 Or where's the sense, direct and moral;  
 That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral?  
 Your Horace owns, he various writ,  
 As wild or sober maggots bit;  
 And, where too much the poet ranted,  
 The sage philosopher recanted.  
 His grave Epistles may disprove  
 The wanton Odes he made to love.

Lucretius keeps a mighty pother  
With Cupid, and his fancy'd mother:  
Calls her great queen of earth and air,  
Declares that winds and seas obey her;  
And, while her honour he rehearſes,  
Implores her to inſpire his verſes.

Yet, free from this poetic madneſs,  
Next page he ſays in ſober ſadneſs,  
That ſhe and all her fellow-gods  
Sit idling in their high abodes,  
Regardleſs of this world below,  
Our health or hanging, weal or woe;  
Nor once diſturb their heav'nly ſpirits  
With Scapin's cheats, or Cæſar's merits.

Nor e'er can Latin poets prove,  
Where lies the real ſeat of love.  
Jecur they burn, and Cor they pierce,  
As either beſt ſupplies their verſe;  
And, if folks aſk the reaſon for't,  
Say, one was long, and t'other ſhort.  
Thus, I preſume, the Britiſh Muſe  
May take the freedom ſtrangers uſe.  
In proſe our property is greater,  
Why ſhould it then be leſs in metre?  
If Cupid throws a ſingle dart,  
We make him wound the lover's heart;  
But, if he takes his bow and quiver,  
'Tis ſure, he muſt tranſfix the Liver:  
For rhyme with reaſon may diſpenſe;  
And ſound has right to govern ſenſe.

But let your friends in verse suppose,  
 What ne'er shall be allow'd in prose;  
 Anatomists can make it clear,  
 The Liver minds his own affair;  
 Kindly supplies our public uses,  
 And parts and strains the vital juices;  
 Still lays some useful bile aside,  
 To tinge the chyle's insipid tide:  
 Else we should want both gibe and satyr;  
 And all be burst with pure good-nature.  
 Now gall is bitter with a witness:  
 And love is all delight and sweetness.  
 My logic then has lost its aim,  
 If sweet and bitter be the same:  
 And he, methinks, is no great scholar,  
 Who can mistake desire for choler.

The like may of the Heart be said:  
 Courage and terror there are bred.  
 All those whose hearts are loose and low,  
 Start, if they hear but the Tattoo:  
 And mighty physical their fear is;  
 For, soon as noise of combat near is,  
 Their heart, descending to their breeches,  
 Must give their stomach cruel twitches.  
 But heroes who o'ercome or die,  
 Have their hearts hung extremely high;  
 The strings of which, in battles heat,  
 Against their very Corslets beat;  
 Keep time with their own trumpet's measure,  
 And yield 'em most excessive pleasure.

Now

Now if 'tis chiefly in the heart,  
That courage does itself exert;  
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove,  
That this is eke the throne of love.  
Would nature make one place the seat  
Of fond desire, and fell debate?  
Most people only take delight in  
Those hours, when they are tir'd with fighting:  
And has no man but who has kill'd  
A father, right to get a child?  
These notions then I think but idle;  
And love shall still possess the middle.

This truth more plainly to discover,  
Suppose your hero were a lover.  
Tho' he before had gall and rage,  
Which death, or conquest, must assuage;  
He grows dispirited and low:  
He hates the fight, and shuns the foe.  
In scornful sloth Achilles slept;  
And for his wench, like Tall-Boy, wept:  
Nor would return to war and slaughter,  
Till they brought back the parson's daughter.  
Antoni'us fled from Actium's coast,  
Augustus pressing, Asia lost:  
His sails by Cupid's hand unfurl'd,  
To keep the fair, he gave the world.  
Edward our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,  
Vig'rous in youth, in arms renown'd;  
While England's voice, and Warwick's care  
Design'd him Gallia's beauteous heir;

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Chang'd peace and pow'r for rage and wars,  
Only to dry one widow's tears.

France's Fourth Henry we may see,  
A servant to the fair D'Estree ;  
When quitting Coutras prosp'rous field,  
And fortune taught at length to yield,  
He from his guards and mid-night tent,  
Disguis'd, o'er hills and vallies went,  
To wanton with the sprightly dame ;  
And in his pleasure lost his fame.

Bold is the critic, who dares prove  
These heroes were no friends to love ;  
And bolder he, who dares aver,  
That they were enemies to war.  
Yet, when their thought should, now or never,  
Have rais'd their Heart, or fir'd their Liver ;  
Fond Alma to those parts was gone,  
Which love more justly calls his own.

Examples I could cite you more ;  
But be contented with these four ;  
For when one's proofs are aptly chosen,  
Four are as valid as four dozen.  
One came from Greece, and one from Rome ;  
The other two grew nearer home.  
For some in ancient books delight,  
Others prefer what moderns write ;  
Now I should be extremely loth,  
Not to be thought expert in both.

CANTO

C A N T O

**B**UT shall we take the Muse abroad,  
To drop her idly on the road:  
And leave our subject in the middle,  
As Butler did his Bear and Fiddle?  
Yet he, consummate master, knew  
When to recede, and where pursue:  
His noble negligences teach,  
What others toils despair to reach.  
He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,  
And balances your fear and hope:  
If, after some distinguish'd leap,  
He drops his pole, and seems to slip;  
Straight gathering all his active strength,  
He rises higher half his length:  
With wonder you approve his flight,  
And owe your pleasure to your fright.  
But like poor Andrew I advance,  
False mimic of my master's dance;  
Around the cord awhile I sprawl;  
And thence, tho' low, in earnest fall.

My preface tells you, I digress'd:  
He's half absolv'd who has confess'd.

I like, quoth Dick, your simile;  
And, in return, take two from me.  
As masters in the Clare obscure,  
With various light your eyes allure:

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A flaming yellow here they spread;  
 Draw off in blue, or change in red:  
 Yet from these colours oddly mix'd,  
 Your sight upon the whole is fix'd.  
 Or as, again, your courtly dames]  
 (Whose cloaths returning birth-day claims)  
 By arts improve the stuffs they vary;  
 And things are best as most contrary.  
 The gown with stiff embroid'ry shining,  
 Looks charming with a slighter lining:  
 The out-, if Indian figure stain,  
 The in-side must be rich and plain.  
 So you, great authors, have thought fit,  
 To make digression temper wit:  
 When arguments too fiercely glare,  
 You calm 'em with a milder air:  
 To break their points, you turn their force;  
 And Furbelow the plain discourse.

Richard, quoth Mat, these words of thine  
 Speak something sly, and something fine:  
 But I shall e'en resume my theme;  
 However thou may'st praise, or blame.

As people marry now, and settle;  
 Fierce love abates his usual mettle:  
 Worldly desires, and household cares,  
 Disturb the godhead's soft affairs:  
 So now, as health or temper changes,  
 In larger compass Alma ranges,  
 This day below, the next above;  
 As light or solid whimsies move.

So merchant has his house in town,  
 And country seat near Bansted-Down:  
 From one he dates his foreign letters,  
 Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors:  
 In t'other, at his hours of leisure,  
 He smokes his pipe, and takes his pleasure.  
 And now your matrimonial Cupid,  
 Lash'd on by time, grows tir'd and stupid.  
 For story and experience tell us,  
 That man grows old, and woman jealous.  
 Both would their little ends secure:  
 He fights for freedom, she for pow'r.  
 His wishes tend abroad to roam;  
 And her's, to domineer at home.  
 Thus passion flags by slow degrees;  
 And ruffled more, delighted less,  
 The busy mind does seldom go  
 To those once charming seats below;  
 But, in the breast incamp'd, prepares  
 For well bred feints, and future wars.  
 The man suspects his lady's crying  
 (When he last autumn lay a dying)  
 Was but to gain him to appoint her,  
 By codicil, a larger jointure.  
 The woman finds it all a trick,  
 That he could swoon, when she was sick;  
 And knows, that in that grief he reckon'd  
 On black-ey'd Susan for his second.  
 Thus having strove some tedious years  
 With feign'd desires, and real fears;

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And tir'd with answers and replies,  
Of John affirms, and Martha lies;  
Leaving this endless altercation,  
The mind affects a higher station.

Poltis, that gen'rous king of Thrace,  
I think, was in this very case.

All Asia now was by the ears,  
And Gods beat up for volunteers  
To Greece, and Troy; while Poltis sat  
In quiet governing his state.

And whence, said the pacific king,  
Does all this noise and discord spring?

Why, Paris took Atrides' wife——

With ease I could compose this strife:  
The injur'd hero should not lose,

Nor the young lover want a spouse:

But Helen chang'd her first condition,  
Without her husband's just permission.

What from the dame can Paris hope?

She may as well from him elope.

Again, how can her old good man

With honour take her back again?

From hence I logically gather,

The woman cannot live with either.

Now I have two right honest wives,

For whose possession no man strives:

One to Atrides I will send;

And t'other to my Trojan friend.

Each prince shall thus with honour have,

What both so warmly seem to crave:

The wrath of gods and men shall cease;  
And Poltis live and die in peace.

Dick, if this story pleaseth thee,  
Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.

Howe'er swift Alma's flight may vary,  
(Take this by way of Carollary:)

Some limbs she finds the very same,  
In place, and dignity, and name:

These dwell at such convenient distance,  
That each can give his friend assistance,

Thus he who runs or dances, begs  
The equal vigor of two legs;

So much to both does Alma trust,  
She ne'er regards which goes the first.

Teague could make neither of them stay,  
When with himself he ran away.

The man who struggles in the fight,  
Fatigues left arm as well as right;

For whilst one hand exalts the blow,  
And on the earth extends the foe;

T'other would take it wond'rous ill,  
If in your pocket he lay still.

And when you shoot, and shut one eye,  
You cannot think he would deny

To lend the t'other friendly aid,  
Or wink, as coward, and afraid.

No, fir; whilst he withdraws his flame,  
His comrade takes the surer aim:

One moment if his beams recede,  
As soon as e'er the bird is dead,

Opening again, he lays his claim  
 To half the profit, half the fame;  
 And helps to pocket up the game.  
 'Tis thus, one tradesman slips away,  
 To give his partner fairer play.

Some limbs again, in bulk or stature  
 Unlike, and not a-kin by nature,  
 In concert act, like modern friends;  
 Because one serves the t'other's ends.  
 The arm thus waits upon the heart,  
 So quick to take the bully's part,  
 That one, tho' warm, decides more slow  
 Than t'other executes the blow;  
 A stander-by may chance to have it,  
 Ere Hack himself perceives he gave it.

The am'rous eyes thus always go  
 A-strolling for their friends below:  
 For long before the 'quire and dame  
 Have tête à tête reliev'd their flame;  
 Ere visits yet are brought about,  
 The eye by sympathy looks out;  
 Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her;  
 And, if he sees, is sure to greet her,  
 Tho' at sash-window, on the stairs,  
 At court, nay (authors say) at pray'rs.

The funeral of some valiant knight  
 May give this thing its proper light.  
 View his two gantlets; these declare  
 That both his hands were us'd to war.  
 And from his two gilt spurs 'tis learn'd,  
 His feet were equally concern'd.

But have you not with thought beheld  
The sword hang dangling o'er the shield?  
Which shows the breast that plate was us'd to,  
Had an ally right arm to trust to:  
And by the peep-holes in his crest,  
Is it not virtually confest,  
That there his eyes took distant aim,  
And glanc'd respect to that bright dame,  
In whose delight his hope was center'd,  
And for whose glove his life he ventur'd?

Objections to my general system  
May rise, perhaps; and I have mist them:  
But I can call to my assistance  
Proximity (mark that!) and distance:  
Can prove, that all things, on occasion,  
Love union, and desire adhesion;  
That Alma merely is a scale;  
And motives, like the weights, prevail.  
If neither side turn down or up,  
With loss or gain, with fear or hope;  
The balance always would hang ev'n,  
Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt earth and heav'n.

This, Richard, is a curious case:  
Suppose your eyes sent equal rays  
Upon two distant pots of ale,  
Not knowing which was mild, or stale:  
In this sad state your doubtful choice  
Would never have the casting voice:  
Which best or worst you could not think;  
And die you must, for want of drink;

Unless

Unless some chance inclines your sight,  
 Setting one pot in fairer light;  
 Then you prefer or A, or B,  
 As lines and angles best agree:  
 Your sense resolv'd impells your will;  
 She guides your hand,—So drink your fill.

Have you not seen a baker's maid  
 Between two equal panniers sway'd;  
 Her tallies useless lie, and idle,  
 If plac'd exactly in the middle:  
 But forc'd from this unactive state,  
 By virtue of some casual weight;  
 On either side you hear 'em clatter,  
 And judge of right and left-hand matter:

Now, Richard, this coercive force,  
 Without your choice, must take its course:  
 Great kings to wars are pointed forth,  
 Like loaded needles to the north:  
 And thou and I, by pow'r unseen,  
 Are barely passive, and suck'd in  
 To Henault's vaults, or Celia's chamber,  
 As straw and paper are by amber.  
 If we sit down to play or set  
 (Suppose at Ombre or Basset)  
 Let people call us cheats or fools;  
 Our cards and we are equal tools:  
 We sure in vain the cards condemn:  
 Ourselves both cut and shuffle them.  
 In vain on Fortune's aid rely:  
 She only is a stander-by.

Poor men! poor papers! we and they  
Do some impulsive force obey:  
And are but play'd with——do not play.  
But space and matter we shou'd blame;  
They palm'd the trick that lost the game.

Thus, to save further contradiction  
Against what you may think but fiction;  
I for attraction, Dick, declare:  
Deny it those bold men that dare.  
As well your motion, as your thought,  
Is all by hidden impulse wrought:  
Ev'n saying, that you think or walk,  
How like a country 'squire you talk!

Mark then;——Where fancy or desire  
Collects the beams of vital fire,  
Into that limb fair Alma slides,  
And there, pro tempore, resides.  
She dwells in Nicholini's tongue,  
When Pyrrhus chants the heav'nly song.  
When Pedro does the lute command,  
She guides the cunning artist's hand.  
Thro' Macer's gullet she runs down,  
When the vile glutton dines alone:  
And, void of modesty and thought,  
She follow's Bibbo's endless draught.  
Thro' the soft sex again she ranges,  
As youth, caprice, or fashion changes.  
Fair Alma, careless and serene,  
In Fanny's sprightly eyes is seen,  
While they diffuse their infant beams,  
Themselves not conscious of their flames.

Again fair Alma fits confest  
 On Florimel's experter breast;  
 When she the rising sigh constrains,  
 And, by concealing, speaks her pains.  
 In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,  
 When the vain thing her jewels shows;  
 When Jenny's stays are newly lac'd,  
 Fair Alma plays about her waist;  
 And, when the swelling hoop sustains  
 The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns  
 Into that lower sphere to enter,  
 Of the large round, herself the centre.

Again: that single limb or feature  
 (Such is the cogent force of nature)  
 Which most did Alma's passion move,  
 In the first object of her love,  
 For ever will be found confest,  
 And printed on the am'rous breast.

O Abelard, ill-fated youth,  
 Thy tale will justify this truth:  
 But well I weet, that cruel wrong  
 Adorns a nobler poet's song.  
 Dan Pope for thy misfortune griev'd;  
 With kind concern and skill has weav'd  
 A filken web; and ne'er shall fade  
 Its colours, gently as he laid  
 The mantle o'er thy sad distress;  
 And Venus shall the texture bless.  
 He o'er the weeping nun has drawn  
 Such artful folds of sacred lawn,

That

That love, with equal grief and pride,  
Shall see the crime he strives to hide;  
And, softly drawing back the veil,  
The god shall to his vot'ries tell  
Each conscious tear, each blushing grace,  
That deck'd dear Eloisa's face.

Happy the poet, bless'd the lays,  
That Buckingham has deign'd to praise.

Next, Dick, as youth and habit sways,  
A hundred gambols Alma plays.  
If, whilst a boy, Jack ran from school,  
Fond of his hunting-horn, and pole;  
Tho' gout and age his speed detain,  
Old John halloos his hounds again;  
By his fire-side he starts the hare,  
And turns her in his wicker chair:  
His feet, however lame, you find,  
Have got the better of his mind.

If, while the Mind was in her leg,  
The dance affected nimble Peg;  
Old Madge, bewitch'd at sixty-one,  
Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joan.  
In public mask, or private ball,  
From Lincoln's-inn, to Goldsmiths-hall,  
All Christmasks long away she trudges;  
Trips it with 'prentices, and judges;  
In vain her children urge her stay,  
And age or palsey bar the way.  
But if those images prevail,  
Which whilom did affect the tail,

She

She still renews the ancient scene,  
 Forgets the forty years between;  
 Aukwardly gay, and oddly merry,  
 Her scarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry;  
 O'erheated with ideal rage,  
 She cheats her son, to wed her page.

If Alma, whilst the man was young,  
 Slipp'd up too soon into his tongue;  
 Pleas'd with his own fantastic skill,  
 He lets that weapon ne'er lie still:  
 On any point if you dispute;  
 Depend upon it, he'll confute:  
 Change sides; and you increase your pain:  
 For he'll confute you back again.  
 For one may speak with Tully's tongue;  
 Yet all the while be in the wrong.  
 And 'tis remarkable, that they  
 Talk most, who have the least to say.  
 Your dainty speakers have the curse,  
 To plead bad causes down to worse;  
 As dames, who native beauty want,  
 Still uglier look, the more they paint.

Again: if in the female sex,  
 Alma should on this member fix;  
 (A cruel and a desp'rate case,  
 From which Heav'n shield my lovely lass!)  
 For evermore all care is vain,  
 That would bring Alma down again.  
 As in habitual gout, or stone,  
 The only thing that can be done,

Is to correct your drink and diet,  
And keep the inward foe in quiet:  
So, if for any sin of ours,  
Or our forefathers, higher powers,  
Severe tho' just, afflict our life  
With that prime ill, a talking wife;  
Till death shall bring the kind relief,  
We must be patient, or be deaf.

You know a certain lady, Dick,  
Who saw me when I last was sick:  
She kindly talk'd, at least three hours,  
Of Plastic forms, and Mental pow'rs;  
Describ'd our pre-existing station  
Before this vile terrene creation:  
And, lest I should be weary'd, Madam,  
To cut things short, came down to Adam;  
From whence, as fast as she was able,  
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel;  
Thro' Syria, Persia, Greece, she goes;  
And takes the Romans in the close.

But we'll descant on gen'ral nature:  
This is a system; not a satyr.

Turn we this globe; and let us see  
How diff'rent nations disagree,  
In what we wear, or eat and drink;  
Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.  
In water as you smell and taste  
The soils thro' which it rose and past;  
In Alma's manners you may read  
The place where she was born and bred.

One people from their swaddling bands  
 Releas'd their infants' feet and hands :  
 Here Alma to these limbs was brought ;  
 And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.

Another taught their babes to talk,  
 Ere they could yet in goe-carts walk ;  
 There Alma settled in the tongue ;  
 And orators from Athens sprung.  
 Observe but in these neighb'ring lands,  
 The diff'rent use of mouths and hands ;  
 As men repos'd their various hopes ;  
 In battles these, and those in tropes.

In Britain's isles, as Heylin notes,  
 The ladies trip in petticoats ;  
 Which, for the honour of their nation,  
 They quit but on some great occasion.  
 Men there in breeches clad you view :  
 They claim that garment, as their due.  
 In Turkey the reverse appears ;  
 Long coats the haughty husband wears ;  
 And greets his wife with angry speeches,  
 If she be seen without her breeches.

In our fantastic climes, the fair  
 With cleanly powder dry their hair :  
 And round their lovely breast and head  
 Fresh flow'rs their mingled odors shed.  
 Your nicer Hottentots think meet,  
 With tripe and guts to deck their feet :  
 With downcast looks on Totta's legs,  
 The ogling youth most humbly begs,

She would not from his hopes remove  
 At once his breakfast and his love :  
 And, if the skittish nymph should fly,  
 He in a double sense must die.  
 We simple Toasters take delight  
 To see our women's teeth look white,  
 And every saucy, ill-bred fellow,  
 Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.  
 In China none hold women sweet,  
 Except their snaggs are black as jett.  
 King Chihu put nine queens to death,  
 Convict on statute, Iv'ry Teeth.

At Tonquin, if a prince shou'd die  
 (As Jesuits write, who never lye)  
 The wife, and counsellor, and priest,  
 Who serv'd him most, and lov'd him best,  
 Prepare, and light his fun'ral fire,  
 And chearful on the pile expire.  
 In Europe 'twould be hard to find,  
 In each degree, one half so kind.  
 Now turn we to the farthest east,  
 And there observe the gentry drest ;  
 Prince Giolo, and his royal sisters,  
 Scarr'd with ten thousand comely blisters.  
 The marks remaining on the skin,  
 To tell the quality within.  
 Distinguish'd flashes deck the great :  
 As each excels in birth, or state,  
 His oylet-holes are more, and ampler ;  
 The king's own body was a samplar.

Happy

Happy the climate, where the beau  
 Wears the same suit for use, and show ;  
 And at a small expence, your wife,  
 If once well pink'd, is cloath'd for life.

Westward, again, the Indian fair  
 Is nicely smear'd with fat of bear ;  
 Before you see you smell your toast ;  
 And sweetest she who stinks the most.  
 The finest sparks, and cleanliest beaux,  
 Drip from the shoulders to the toes.  
 How sleek their skins ! their joints how easy !  
 There slovens only are not greasy.

I mention'd different ways of breeding ;  
 Begin we in our children's reading.  
 To master John the English maid  
 A hornbook gives, of ginger-bread :  
 And, that the child may learn the better,  
 As he can name, he eats the letter :  
 Proceeding thus with vast delight,  
 He spells, and knaws, from left to right.  
 But shew a Hebrew's hopeful son,  
 Where we suppose the book begun,  
 The child would thank you for your kindness,  
 And read quite backward from our Finis :  
 Devour he learning ne'er so fast,  
 Great A will be reserv'd the last.

An equal instance of this matter,  
 Is in the manners of a daughter.  
 In Europe, if a harmless maid,  
 By nature and by love betray'd,

Should d,

Should, ere a wife, become a nurse,  
 Her friends would look on her the worse,  
 In China, Dampier's travels tell ye,  
 (Look in his index for Pagelli)  
 Soon as the British ships unmoore,  
 And jolly long-boat rows to shore,  
 Down comes the nobles of the land;  
 Each brings his daughter in his hand,  
 Beseeching the imperious tar  
 To make her but one hour his care.  
 The tender mother stands affrighted,  
 Lest her dear daughter should be slighted;  
 And poor miss Yaya dreads the shame  
 Of going back the maid she came.  
 Observe how custom, Dick, compels  
 The lady that in Europe dwells:  
 After her tea she slips away;  
 And what to do one need not say.  
 Now see how great Pomonque's queen  
 Behav'd herself among the men:  
 Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant soul  
 First drank, then water'd in the bowl;  
 And sprinkled in the captain's face  
 The marks of her peculiar grace——

To close this point, we need not roam,  
 For instances, so far from home.  
 What parts gay France from sober Spain?  
 A little rising, rocky chain,  
 Of men born south or north o' th' hill,  
 Those seldom move, these ne'er stand still.

Dick

Dick, you love maps, and may perceive  
 Rome not far distant from Geneve;  
 If the good pope remains at home,  
 He's the first prince in Christendome.  
 Choose then, good pope, at home to stay;  
 Nor westward curious take thy way;  
 Thy way unhappy should'st thou take,  
 From Tiber's bank to Lemán-Lake;  
 Thou art an aged priest no more,  
 But a young, flaring, painted whore;  
 Thy sex is lost; thy town is gone;  
 No longer Rome, but Babylon.  
 That some few leagues should make this change,  
 To men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.

But need we, friend, insist on this?  
 Since in the very Cantons Swiss,  
 All your philosophers agree,  
 And prove it plain, that one may be  
 A heretic, or true believer,  
 On this, or t'other side a river.

Here, with an artful smile, quoth Dick,  
 Your proofs come mighty full, and thick—

The bard on this extensive chapter,  
 Wound up into poetic rapture,  
 Continu'd: Richard, cast your eye  
 By night upon a winter sky:  
 Cast it by day-light on the strand  
 Which compasses fair Albion's land:  
 If you can count the stars that glow  
 Above, or sands that lie below;

Into these common-places look,  
Which from great authors I have took;  
And count the proofs I have collected,  
To have my writings well protected,  
These I lay by for time of need;  
And thou may'st at thy leisure read,  
For, standing every critic's rage,  
I safely will to future age  
My System, as a gift, bequeath,  
Victorious over spight, and death,

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## CANTO III.

**R**ICHARD, who now was half a sleep,  
 Rous'd, nor would longer silence keep;  
 And sense like this, in vocal breath  
 Broke from his two-fold hedge of teeth.  
 Now if this phrase too harsh be thought,  
 Pope, tell the world 'tis not my fault.  
 Old Homer taught us thus to speak;  
 If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.

As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leasing,  
 Say things at first, because they're pleasing;  
 Then prove what they have once asserted;  
 Nor care to have their lye deserted:  
 Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em;  
 And oft repeating, they believe 'em:  
 Or as, again, those amorous blades,  
 Who trifle with their mother's maids;  
 Tho', at the first, their wild desire  
 Was but to quench a present fire:  
 Yet if the object of their love  
 Chance, by Lucina's aid to prove;  
 They seldom let the bantling roar  
 In basket, at a neighbour's door:  
 But by the flatt'ring glass of nature,  
 Viewing themselves in Cakebread's feature;  
 With serious thought and care support,  
 What only was begun in sport.

Just so with you, my friend, it fares,  
 Who deal in philosophic wares ;  
 Atoms you cut, and forms you measure,  
 To gratify your private pleasure ;  
 Till airy seeds of casual wit  
 Do some fantastic birth beget ;  
 And, pleas'd to find your system mended  
 Beyond what you at first intended,  
 The happy whimsey you pursue,  
 Till you at length believe it true.  
 Caught by your own delusive art,  
 You fancy first, and then assert.

Quoth Matthew : Friend, as far as I  
 Thro' art or nature cast my eye,  
 This axiom clearly I discern,  
 That one must teach, and t'other learn.  
 No fool Pythagoras was thought :  
 Whilst he his weighty doctrines taught,  
 He made his list'ning scholars stand,  
 Their mouth still cover'd with their hand ;  
 Else, may be, some odd-thinking youth,  
 Less friend to doctrine than to truth,  
 Might have refus'd to let his ears  
 Attend the music of the spheres ;  
 Deny'd all transmigrating scenes,  
 And introduc'd the use of beans.  
 From great Lucretius take his vield,  
 And all the world is quite destroyed.  
 Deny Des-cart his subtil matter,  
 You leave him neither fire nor water.

How oddly would Sir Isaac look,  
 If you, in answer to his book,  
 Say in the front of your discourse,  
 That things have no Elastic force?  
 How could our Chymic friends go on,  
 To find the philosophic stone,  
 If you more pow'rful reasons bring  
 To prove that there is no such thing?

Your chiefs in sciences and arts,  
 Have great contempt of Alma's parts.  
 They find she giddy is, or dull;  
 She doubts, if things are void, or full:  
 And who should be presum'd to tell,  
 What she herself should see, or feel?  
 She doubts if two and two make four,  
 Tho' she has told them ten times o'er.  
 It can't—it may be—and it must:  
 To which of these must Alma trust?  
 Nay, further yet they make her go,  
 In doubting, if she doubts, or no.  
 Can Syllogism set things right?  
 No: majors soon with Minors fight;  
 Or, both in friendly consort join'd,  
 The consequence limps false behind.  
 So to some cunning-man she goes,  
 And asks of him, how much she knows.  
 With patience grave he hears her speak;  
 And from his short notes gives her back  
 What from her tale he comprehended:  
 Thus the dispute is wisely ended.

From

From the account the loser brings,  
The conj'r or knows, who stole the things.

'Squire (interrupted Dick) since when  
Were you amongst these cunning-men?

Dear Dick, quoth Mat, let not thy force  
Of eloquence, spoil my discourse.

I tell thee, this is Alma's case,  
Still asking, what some wife-man says,  
Who does his mind in words reveal,  
Which all must gra<sup>ve</sup> tho' few can spell.

You tell your doctor that y' are ill;  
And what does he, but write a bill,  
Of which you need not read one letter?  
The worse the scrawl, the dose the better;  
For if you knew but what you take,  
Tho' you recover, he must break.

Ideas, Forms, and Intellects,  
Have furnish'd out three diff'rent sects.  
Substance, or Accident, divides  
All Europe into adverse sides.

Now, as engag'd in arms or laws,  
You must have friends to back your cause:  
In Philosophic matters so  
Your judgment must with others' go.  
For as in senates, so in schools,  
Majority of voices rules.

Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,  
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err:  
With panting haste, and quick surprise,  
From ev'ry leaf that stirs, she flies:

Till mingled with the neighb'ring herd,  
 She slights what erst she singly fear'd,  
 And now, exempt from doubt and dread,  
 She dares pursue, if they dare lead:  
 As their example still prevails,  
 She tempts the stream, or leaps the pales.

He then, quoth Dick, who by your rule  
 Thinks for himself, becomes a fool.  
 As party-man who leaves the rest,  
 Is call'd but Whimfical at best.  
 Now, by your favour, master Mat,  
 Like Ralpho, here I smell a rat.  
 I must be list'd in your sect;  
 Who, tho' they teach not, can protect:  
 Right, Richard, Mat. in triumph cry'd:  
 So put off all mistrust and pride.  
 And, while my principles I beg,  
 Pray answer only with your leg.  
 Believe what friendly I advise:  
 Be first secure; and then be wise.  
 The man within the coach that sits,  
 And to another's skill submits,  
 Is safer much (whate'er arrives)  
 And warmer too, than he that drives.

So, Dick Adept, tuck back thy hair,  
 And I will pour into thy ear  
 Remarks, which none did e'er disclose,  
 In smooth-pac'd verse, or hobbling prose.  
 Attend, dear Dick; but don't reply:  
 And thou may'st prove as wise as I.

When

When Alma, now, in diff'rent ages,  
 Has finish'd her ascending stages;  
 Into the head at length she gets,  
 And there in public grandeur sits,  
 To judge of things, and censure wits.  
 Here, Richard, how could I explain,  
 The various lab'rins of the brain?  
 Surprise my readers, whilst I tell 'em  
 Of Cerebrum and Cerebellum?  
 How could I play the commentator  
 On Dura and on Pia Mater?  
 Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,  
 Strive each the other's place to get;  
 And, with incessant toil and strife,  
 Would keep possession during life.  
 I could demonstrate every pore,  
 Where mem'ry lays up all her store;  
 And to an inch compute the station,  
 'Twixt judgment and imagination.  
 O friend! I could display much learning,  
 At least to men of small discerning.  
 The brain contains ten thousand cells;  
 In each some active fancy dwells;  
 Which always is at work, and framing  
 The several follies I was naming.  
 As in a hive's vimineous dome,  
 Ten thousand bees enjoy their home;  
 Each does her studious actions vary,  
 To go and come, to fetch and carry.  
 Each still renews her little labour,  
 Nor justles her assiduous neighbour:

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Each——whilst this thesis I maintain,  
I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.

O with the mighty theme affected,  
Could I but see thy head dissected?

My head, quoth Dick, to serve your whim?  
Spare that, and take some other limb.

Sir, in your nice affairs of system,  
Wise men propose; but fools assist 'em.

Says Matthew: Richard, keep thy head,  
And hold thy peace; and I'll proceed.

Proceed? quoth Dick: sir, I aver,  
You have already gone too far.

When people once are in the wrong,  
Each line they add, is much too long.

Who fastest walks, but walks astray,  
Is only furthest from his way.

Bless your conceits! must I believe,  
Howe'er absurd, what you conceive;

And, for your friendship, live and die  
A Papist in philosophy:

I say, whatever you maintain,  
Of Alma in the heart, or brain;

The plainest man alive may tell ye,  
Her seat of empire is the belly:

From hence she sends out those supplies,  
Which makes us, either stout or wise:

The strength of ev'ry other member  
Is founded on your belly-timber:

The qualms or raptures of your blood  
Rise in proportion to your food:

And,

And, if you would improve your thought,  
 You must be fed, as well as taught.  
 Your stomach makes your fabric roll;  
 Just as the bias rules the bowl.  
 That great Achilles might employ  
 The strength design'd to ruin Troy;  
 He din'd on lion's marrow, spread  
 On toasts of ammunition-bread:  
 But by his mother sent away,  
 Amongst the Thracian girls to play,  
 Effeminate he sat, and quiet:  
 Strange product of a cheese-cake diet!  
 Now give my argument fair play;  
 And take the thing the other way:  
 The youngster, who at nine and three  
 Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,  
 From breakfast reads till twelve o'clock,  
 Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes and Locke;  
 He pays due visits after noon  
 To cousin Alice, and uncle John;  
 At ten, from coffee-house or play  
 Returning, finishes the day.  
 But give him port, and potent sack;  
 From Milk-sop he starts up Mohack:  
 Holds that the happy know no hours;  
 So thro' the street at midnight scow'rs:  
 Breaks watchmen's heads and chairmen's glasses;  
 And thence proceeds to nicking fashies:  
 Till by some tougher hand o'ercome,  
 And first knock'd down, and then led home;

He damns the footman, strikes the maid,  
 And decently reels up to bed.  
 Observe the various operations  
 Of food and drink in several nations.  
 Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel  
 Upon the strength of water-gruel?  
 But who shall stand his rage and force,  
 If first he rides, then eats his horse?  
 Sallads, and eggs, and lighter fare,  
 Tune the Italian spark's guitar.  
 And, if I take Dan Congreve right,  
 Pudding and beef make Britons fight.  
 Tokay and coffee cause this work  
 Between the German and the Turk:  
 And both, as they provisions want,  
 Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint.

Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords  
 Give the same death in diff'rent words.  
 To push this argument no further;  
 To starve a man, in law, is murder.

As in a Watch's fine machine,  
 Tho' many artful springs are seen;  
 The added movements which declare  
 How full the moon, how old the year,  
 Derive their secondary pow'r  
 From that which simply points the hour,  
 For, tho' those gim-cracks were away  
 (Quare would not swear; but Quare would say)  
 However more reduc'd and plain,  
 The watch would still a watch remain:

But

But if the Horal orbite ceases,  
The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces;  
Is now no longer what it was;  
And you may e'en go sell the case:  
So if, unprejudic'd you scan  
The goings of this clock-work, Man;  
You find a hundred movements made  
By fine devices in his head:  
But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke,  
That tells his being what's o'clock.  
If you take off his Rhet'ric trigger,  
He talks no more in mode and figure:  
Or clog his Mathematic-wheel;  
His buildings fall; his ships stand still.  
Or lastly, break his Politic-weight;  
His voice no longer rules the state.  
Yet if these finer whims were gone;  
Your clock, tho' plain, would still go on;  
And spoil the engine of digestion,  
And you entirely change the question.  
Alma's affairs no pow'r can mend;  
The jest, alas! is at an end;  
Soon ceases all this worldly bustle;  
And you consign the corpse to Ruffel.

Now make your Alma come or go  
From leg to hand, from top to toe;  
Your system, without my addition,  
Is in a very sad condition.  
So Harlequin extoll'd his horse,  
Fit for the war, or road, or course;

His mouth was soft ; his eye was good ;  
 His foot was sure as ever trod :  
 One fault he had ; a fault indeed ;  
 And what was that ? the horse was dead.

Dick, from these instances and fetches,  
 Thou mak'st of horses clocks and watches,  
 Quoth Mat, to me thou seem'st to mean,  
 That Alma is a mere Machine :  
 That telling others what's o'clock,  
 She knows not what herself has struck ;  
 But leaves to standers-by the trial,  
 Of what is mark'd upon her dial.  
 Here hold a blow, good friend, quoth Dick,  
 And rais'd his voice exceeding quick.

Fight fair, Sir : what I never meant  
 Don't you infer. In argument  
 Similies are like songs in love :  
 They much describe ; they nothing prove.

Mat, who was here a little gravell'd,  
 Toft up his nose, and would have cavill'd :  
 But, calling Hermes to his aid,  
 Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he said :

Where mind ('tis for the author's fame)  
 That Matthew call'd, and Hermes came.  
 In danger heroes, and in doubt  
 Poets, find gods to help 'em out.

Friend Richard, I begin to see,  
 That you and I shall scarce agree.  
 Observe how oddly you behave  
 The more I grant, the more you crave.

But,

But, comrade, as I said just now,  
 I should affirm, and you allow.  
 We system-makers can sustain  
 The thesis which you grant was plain:  
 And with remarks and comments tease ye;  
 In case the thing before was easy.  
 But in a point obscure and dark,  
 We fight as Leibnits did with Clark;  
 And when no reason we can show,  
 Why matters this or that way go,  
 The shortest way the thing we try,  
 And what we know not, we deny:  
 True to our own o'erbearing pride,  
 And false to all the world beside.  
 That old philosopher grew cross,  
 Who could not tell what motion was:  
 Because he walk'd against his will,  
 He fac'd down men that he stood still:  
 And he who, reading on the heart,  
 (When all his Quidlibets of art  
 Could not expound its pulse and heat)  
 Swore, he had never felt it beat.  
 Chrysippus, foil'd by Epicurus,  
 Makes bold (Jove blefs him!) to assure us,  
 That all things which our mind can view,  
 May be at once both false and true.  
 And Mallbranch has an odd conceit,  
 As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate:  
 Says he, so little can our mind  
 Of matter, or of spirit find,

That

That we by guess, at least, may gather  
 Something, which may be both, or neither.  
 Faith, Dick, I must confess, 'tis true  
 (But this is only *Entre Nous*)  
 That many knotty points there are,  
 Which all discuss, but few can clear:  
 As Nature slyly had thought fit,  
 For some by-ends, to cross-bite wit,  
 Circles to square, and cubes to double,  
 Would give a man excessive trouble;  
 The longitude uncertain roams,  
 In spite of Whiston and his bombs:  
 What system, Dick, has right averr'd  
 The cause, why woman has no beard;  
 Or why, as years our frame attack,  
 Our hair grows white, our teeth grow black?  
 In points like these, we must agree,  
 Our barbers know as much as we,  
 Yet still unable to explain,  
 We must persist the best we can:  
 With care our systems still renew,  
 And prove things likely, tho' not true.  
 I could, thou see'st, in quaint dispute,  
 By dint of Logic, strike thee mute;  
 With learned skill, now push, now parry,  
 From Darii to Bocardo vary,  
 And never yield, or what is worst,  
 Never conclude the point discours'd.  
 Yet, that you lie & nunc may know,  
 How much you to my candor owe,

I'll from the disputant descend,  
To show thee, I assume the friend :  
I'll take thy notion for my own——  
(So most philosophers have done)  
It makes my system more complete :  
Dick, can it have a nobler fate ?  
Take what thou wilt, said Dick, dear friend ;  
But bring thy matters to an end.

I find, quoth Mat, reproof is vain :  
Who first offend, will first complain.  
Thou wishest, I should make to shoar ;  
Yet still put'st in thy thwarting oar.  
What I have told thee fifty times  
In prose, receive for once in rhimes :  
A huge fat man in country-fair,  
Or city-church, (no matter where)  
Labour'd and push'd amidst the croud,  
Still baulking out extremely loud ;  
Lord save us ! why do people press !  
Another, marking his distress,  
Friendly reply'd : Plump gentleman,  
Get out as fast as e'er you can :  
Or cease to push, or to exclaim :  
You make the very croud you blame.

Says Dick, your moral does not need  
The least return ; so e'en proceed :  
Your tale, howe'er apply'd, was short :  
So far, at least, I thank you for't.

Mat. took his thanks, and in a tone  
More magisterial, thus went on.

Now

Now Alma settles in the head,  
 As has before been sung, or said :  
 And here begins this farce of life,  
 Enter Revenge, Ambition, Strife :  
 Behold on both sides men advance,  
 To form in earnest Bays's dance.  
 L'Avare, not using half his store,  
 Still grumbles that he has no more ;  
 Strikes not the present tun, for fear  
 The vintage should be bad next year ;  
 And eats to-day with inward sorrow,  
 And dread of fancied want to-morrow.  
 Abroad if the Sur-tout you wear  
 Repels the rigour of the air ;  
 Would you be warmer, if at home  
 You had the fabric, and the loom ;  
 And if two boots keep out the weather,  
 What need you have two hides of leather ?  
 Could Pedro, think you, make no trial  
 Of a Sonata on his viol,  
 Unless he had the total gut  
 Whence ev'ry string at first was cut ?

When Rarus shows you his Cartone,  
 He always tells you, with a groan,  
 Where two of that same hand were torn,  
 Long before you or he were born.

Poor Vento's mind so much is cross'd,  
 For part of his Petronius lost,  
 That he can never take the pains  
 To understand what yet remains.

What

What toil did honest Curio take;  
 What strict enquiries did he make,  
 To get one medal wanting yet,  
 And perfect all his Roman set?  
 'Tis found: and O his happy lot!  
 'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:  
 Of these no more you hear him speak;  
 He now begins upon the Greek;  
 These rang'd and shown, shall, in their turns  
 Remain obscure as in their urns.  
 My copper-lamps, at any rate,  
 For being true antique, I bought;  
 Yet wisely melted down my plate,  
 On modern models to be wrought:  
 And trifles I alike pursue;  
 Because they're old, because they're new.

Dick, I have seen you with delight,  
 For Georgy make a paper-kite.  
 And simple odes too many, show ye,  
 My servile complaisance to Cloe.  
 Parents and lovers are decreed  
 By nature fools—That's brave indeed!  
 Quoth Dick: such truths are worth receiving;  
 Yet still Dick look'd as not believing.  
 Now, Alma, to divines and prose  
 I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes;  
 Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,  
 But of thy follies, idle creature;  
 The turns of thy uncertain wing,  
 And not the malice of thy sting:

Thy

Thy pride of being great and wise,  
 I do but mention, to despise,  
 I view with anger and disdain,  
 How little gives thee joy or pain:  
 A print, a bronze, a flow'r, a roset,  
 A shell, a butterfly can do't.  
 Ev'n a romance, a tune, a rhyme,  
 Help thee to pass the tedious time,  
 Which else would on thy hand remain:  
 Tho' flown, it ne'er looks back again,  
 And cards are dealt, and chess-boards brought,  
 To ease the pain of coward thought.  
 Happy result of human wit!  
 That Alma may herself forget.

Dick, thus we act; and thus we are  
 Or toss'd by hope, or sunk by care,  
 With endless pain this man pursues,  
 What, if he gain'd, he could not use:  
 And t'other fondly hopes to see  
 What never was, nor e'er shall be.  
 We err by use, go wrong by rules,  
 In gesture grave, in action fools:  
 We join hypocrisy to pride,  
 Doubling the faults we strive to hide.  
 Or grant, that with extreme surprize,  
 We find ourselves at sixty wise;  
 And twenty pretty things are known,  
 Of which we can't accomplish one;  
 Whilst as my system says, the mind  
 Is to these upper rooms confin'd:

Should

Should I, my friend, at large, repeat  
Her borrow'd sense, her fond conceit;  
The bede-roll of her vicious tricks;  
My poem will be too prolix.

For could I my remarks sustain,  
Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne,  
Who in these times would read my books,  
But Tom o' Stiles, or John o' Nokes?

As Brentford kings, discreet and wise,  
After long thought and grave advice,  
Into Lardella's coffin peeping,  
Saw nought to cause their mirth or weeping:  
So Alma now, to joy or grief  
Superior, finds her late relief:  
Weary'd of being high, or great,  
And nodding in her chair of state;  
Stunn'd and worn out with endless chat,  
Of Will did this, and Nan said that;  
She finds, poor thing, some little crack,  
Which nature, forc'd by time, must make;  
Thro' which she wings her destin'd way:  
Upward she soars, and down drops clay:  
While some surviving friend supplies  
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies.

O Richard, till that day appears,  
Which must decide our hopes and fears,  
Would Fortune calm her present rage,  
And give us play-things for our age:  
Would Clotho wash her hands in milk,  
And twist our thread with gold and silk;

Would

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Would she in friendship, peace and plenty,  
Spin out our years to four times twenty:  
And should we both, in this condition,  
Have conquer'd love, and worse ambition;  
(Else those two passions, by the way,  
May chance to show us scurvy play;)  
Then, Richard, then should we sit down,  
Far from the tumult of the town:  
I, fond of my well-chosen seat,  
My pictures, medals, books compleat:  
Or should we mix our friendly talk,  
O'er-shaded in that fav'rite walk,  
Which thy own hand had whilom planted,  
Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted:  
Yet then, ev'n then, one cross reflection  
Would spoil thy grove, and my collection;  
Thy son, and his, e'er that, may die,  
And time some uncouth heir supply;  
Who shall for nothing else be known,  
But spoiling all, that thou hast done.  
Who set the twigs, shall he remember,  
That is in haste to sell the timber?  
And what shall of thy woods remain,  
Except the box that threw the main?

Nay, may not time and death remove  
The near relations whom I love?  
And my coz Tom, or his coz Mary  
(Who hold the plough; or skim the dairy)  
My fav'rite books and pictures sell  
To Smart, or Doiley, by the ell;

Kindly

Kindly throw in a little figure,  
 And set the price upon the bigger?  
 Those who could never read the Grammar,  
 When my dear volumes touch the hammer,  
 May think books best as richest bound:  
 My copper medals by the pound  
 May be with learned justice weigh'd;  
 To turn the balance, Otho's head  
 May be thrown in; and for the metal,  
 The coin may mend a tinker's kettle—  
 Tir'd with these thoughts—less tir'd than I,  
 Quoth Dick, with your philosophy——  
 That people live and die, I knew  
 An hour ago, as well as you.  
 And if fate spins us longer years,  
 Or is in haste to take the shears;  
 I know, we must both Fortunes try,  
 And bear our evils wet or dry.  
 Yet let the goddess smile, or frown;  
 Bread we shall eat, or white, or brown:  
 And in a cottage, or a court,  
 Drink fine Champagne, or muddled Port.  
 What need of books these truths to tell,  
 Which folks perceive who cannot spell?  
 And must we spectacles apply,  
 To view what hurts our naked eye?  
 Sir, if it be your wisdom's aim,  
 To make me merrier than I am;  
 I'll be all night at your devotion——  
 Come on, friend; broach the pleasing notion;

But

But if you would depress my thought,  
Your system is not worth a groat—

For Plato's fancies what care I?

I hope you would not have me die,

Like simple Cato, in the play,

For any thing that he can say?

E'en let him of ideas speak

To heathens in his native Greek.

If to be sad is to be wise,

I do most heartily despise

Whatever Socrates has said,

Or Tully writ, or Wanley read.

Dear Drift, to set our matters right,

Remove these papers from my sight;

Burn Mat's Des-cart, and Aristotile:

Here, Jonathan, your master's bottle.

F I N I S.